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THE

# GLORY AND SHAME

OF

# ENGLAND.

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BY C. EDWARDS LESTER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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# THE GLORY AND THE SHAME

OF

# ENGLAND.

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*To Washington Irving, Esq.*

London, July —, 1840.

SIR,

UNDERSTANDING that you have often expressed your admiration for the genius and character of Charles Dickens, I have thought that some account of this celebrated author might not be uninteresting to you. I have had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Dickens at his house, and I trust that this letter will not be considered an ill return for his kindness to one whose only claim upon him was an introduction from Thomas Campbell. I believe there is no English author now living who is so much admired and read by our countrymen

as Mr. Dickens, and, consequently, no one respecting whom Americans may be supposed to have so great a desire for information. I will therefore give a brief sketch of some of his conversations with me, and speak of his character and history, so far as I may be permitted to do so, with proper regard to his private feelings. If he should ever write his autobiography, giving a full picture of his early history, it would probably be one of the most interesting books in any language. The last injunction I received from several of my friends when I parted with them in America, was to tell them in my letters something about "Boz."

There were many persons in our country who could not be prevailed upon to read his works for a long time after the publication of the Pickwick Papers. So many vulgar representations of Sam Weller had appeared on the theatre bills at every corner of the street, that the name of "Boz" became associated with all that was offensive in the burlesque and low farce of the American stage.

In this feeling I once participated. But a

year ago, a friend brought Oliver Twist to my room, to help to while away a night of illness. He had not read many pages before my prejudices against the author gave way; and after my recovery, I was glad to read that charming book *by myself*, where I could enjoy the full pleasure of those feelings which the kind-hearted writer so well knows how to excite. On closing the work, I felt an interest in the "Work-house Hero" which no fictitious character ever awakened in my heart. Immediately I collected all the writings of Dickens, and read them with a new and strange delight. There was no gloom which his wit and humour could not drive away; no hilarity which I was not glad to exchange for the scenes of suffering, sadness, and triumph, in the histories of the generous but unfortunate Oliver; the proud-spirited, kind-hearted Nicholas; the confiding Madeline; the beautiful Kate; and, above all, sweet little Nelly. I promised myself a higher gratification in seeing the author of these works than from intercourse with any other man.

I was expressing to Campbell, whom I met

last evening at Dr. Beattie's, my admiration for Dickens. He inquired if I had ever seen him. I answered I had not, and that I should consider it a misfortune to leave England without seeing him. Campbell immediately left the room, and returning in a few moments, took my hand and said, "I am glad you like Mr. Dickens. Here is a letter of introduction to him. I want you to read it, and then I will seal it, for I consider it a mark of ill-breeding to present an unsealed letter; and the one to be introduced may perhaps feel some desire to glance over it: this he should be permitted to do, and then it should be sealed." Campbell persisted, and I read it. It was warm-hearted and generous, like every thing that comes from Thomas Campbell. I gave back the letter with many thanks. "Oh! don't thank me, sir; of what use would it be to live in this world, if we could not gratify our feelings by *once in a while, at least,* doing some good to others?"

This morning I called upon Mr. Dickens. I felt the same reverence for the historian of little Nelly when I entered his library, that I

should for the author of Waverley at his grave. Yea, more: for there is more Christian philanthropy in his heart than ever dwelt in Sir Walter's; and would to God there were no worse men than was Sir Walter. I thought I would withhold Campbell's letter until after my reception. I felt assured that the heart of Charles Dickens had not been so chilled by the cold spirit that reigns in the higher circles of English society as to prevent him from receiving me with genuine kindness. I sent in my card, after writing on it with a pencil, "An American would be greatly obliged if he could see Mr. Dickens." In a moment or two the servant returned and showed me to the library. The author was sitting in a large arm-chair by his table, with a sheet of "Master Humphrey's Clock" before him. He came forward and gave me his hand familiarly, and offered me a chair. I told him I was an American, and hoped he would pardon me for calling without an invitation, and, if he was not particularly engaged, I should be much gratified with a short interview. He begged me to make no apologies; he was always glad to see Americans; they had extended

such a generous hand to the oppressed of England, that they ought to feel no delicacy in introducing themselves to Englishmen.

I at once felt at home, and remarked that I trusted I was prompted by a better motive than mere curiosity in coming to see him. I wished to see the man who had so faithfully delineated the human heart, and shown so much sympathy for the poor and the suffering: it was the philanthropist even more than the author that I was anxious to see. He replied, nothing could be more gratifying to him than to receive demonstrations of regard from American readers. "American praise," said he, "is the best praise in the world, for it is *sincere*. Very few reviews are written in this country except under the influence of some personal feeling. Do not understand me to complain of the treatment I have received from the reviewers; they have awarded me more praise than I deserved." I expressed a desire to know something of the history of his authorship, at the same time saying that, of course, I did not expect him to communicate to a stranger anything he would not freely

make known to the world. "Oh, sir," he replied, "ask as many questions as you please; as an American, it is one of your *inalienable rights* to ask questions; and this, I fancy, is the reason why the Yankees are so intelligent."

I inquired if, in portraying his characters, he had not, in every instance, his eye upon some particular person he had known, since I could not conceive it possible for an author to present such graphic and natural pictures except from real life. "Allow me to ask, sir," I said, "if the one-eyed Squeers, coarse, but good John Browdie, the *beautiful* Sally Brass, clever Dick Swiveller, the demoniac and intriguing Quilp, the good Cheeryble Brothers, the avaricious Fagin, and dear little Nelly, are mere fancies?"

"No, sir, they are not," he replied: "they are copies. You will not understand me to say, of course, that they are true histories in all respects, but they are real likenesses; nor have I in any of my works attempted anything more than to arrange my story as well as I could, and give a true picture of scenes I

have witnessed. My past history and pursuits have led me to a familiar acquaintance with numerous instances of extreme wretchedness and of deep-laid villany. In the haunts of squalid poverty I have found many a broken heart too good for this world. Many such persons, now in the most abject condition, have seen better days. Once they moved in circles of friendship and affluence, from which they have been hurled by misfortune to the lowest depths of want and sorrow. This class of persons is very large.

"Then there are thousands in our parish workhouses and in the lanes of London, born into the world without a friend except God and a dying mother. Many, too, who in circumstances of trial have yielded to impulses of passion, and by one fatal step fallen beyond recovery. London is crowded, and, indeed so is all England, with the poor, the unfortunate, and the guilty. This description of persons has been generally overlooked by authors. They have had none to care for them, and have fled from the public gaze to some dark habitation of this great city, to curse the

cold charities of a selfish world, and die. There are more broken hearts in London than in any other place in the world. The amount of crime, starvation, nakedness, and misery of every sort in the metropolis surpasses all calculation. I thought I could render some service to humanity by bringing these scenes before the minds of those who, from never having witnessed them, suppose they cannot exist. In this effort I have not wholly been unsuccessful; and there is nothing makes me happier than to think that, by some of my representations, I have increased the stock of human cheerfulness, and, by others, the stock of human sympathy. I think it makes the heart better to seek out the suffering and relieve them. I have spent many days and nights in the most wretched districts of the metropolis, studying the history of the human heart. There we must go to find it. In high circles we see everything but the heart, and learn everything but the real character. We must go to the hovels of the poor and the unfortunate, where trial brings out the character. I have in these rambles seen many exhibitions

of generous affection and heroic endurance, which would do honour to any sphere. Often have I discovered minds that only wanted a little of the sunshine of prosperity to develop the choicest endowments of Heaven. I think I never return to my home after these adventures without being made a sadder and a better man. In describing these characters I aim no higher than to feel in writing as they seem to feel themselves. I am persuaded that I have succeeded just in proportion as I have cultivated a familiarity with the trials and sorrows of the poor, and told their story as they would have related it themselves."

I spoke of the immense popularity of his works, and remarked that I believed he had ten readers in America where he had one in England.

"Why, sir, the popularity of my works has surprised me. For some reason or other, I believe they are somewhat extensively read; nor is it the least gratifying circumstance to me, that they have been so favourably received in your country. I am trying to enjoy my fame while it lasts, for I believe I am not so

vain as to suppose that my books will be read by any but the men of own times."

I remarked that he might consider himself alone in that opinion, and that it would probably be no easy matter to make the world coincide with him. He answered with a smile, "I shall probably not make any very serious efforts to do it!".

It happened, as, indeed, it always has in my conversations with literary men whom I have met in England, that your name was mentioned. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Dickens is no less an admirer of your writings than we are ourselves. Nor is it unpleasant to your countrymen abroad to hear the same opinions expressed by foreigners of your works, that we have so long cherished. No man has done so much to win from the European world respect for our literature as yourself; and for it you deserve our gratitude. It is in the memory of many, that, before the Sketch Book was written, American literature was treated with utter contempt by Englishmen.

True, it is still matter of great surprise to English ladies and bishops to learn that we

speak English, and even write "Sketch Books," "Thanatopses," "Odes on Marco Botzaris," live in framed houses, and manifest other symptoms of civilization. Lady ——, sister to a celebrated noble authoress in London, said to me, "Pray tell me if you have not such a man in America as Irving Washington, who has written a book? they call it a Book of Sketches, I think: he must be a son of the general of that name. Or was it *George* Washington? Pray tell me something about these men: I suppose you must be acquainted with them." I had the impudence to laugh her ladyship in the face before I told her something about "these men," and then read her a chapter upon American history, and another upon American authors.

Mr. Dickens spoke on every matter about which we conversed with a freedom and kindness that showed he spoke from the heart. The windows of his library look out upon a garden. I saw several rosy-cheeked children playing by a water fountain; and, as the little creatures cast occasional glances up to us while we were watching their sports from the

window, I thought I saw in their large, clear, blue eyes, golden hair, and bewitching smile, the image of Charles Dickens. They were, in fact, young Bozzes!! I was greatly surprised, for I had never heard that there was such a lady as Mrs. Dickens.

I think Dickens incomparably the finest-looking man I ever saw. The portrait of him in the Philadelphia edition of his works is good; but no picture can do justice to his expression when he is engaged in an interesting conversation. There is something about his eyes at such times which cannot be copied. In person he is perhaps a little above the standard height; but his bearing is noble, and he appears taller than he really is. His figure is very graceful, neither too slight nor too stout. The face is handsome. His complexion is delicate—rather pale generally; but when his feelings are kindled his countenance is overspread with a rich glow. I presume he is somewhat vain of his hair, and he can be pardoned for it too. It reminded me of words in Sidney's Arcadia: "His fair auburn hair, which he wore in great length, gave him

at that time a most delightful show." His forehead, a phrenologist would say (especially if he knew his character beforehand), indicates a clear and beautiful intellect, in which the organs of perception, mirthfulness, ideality, and comparison, predominate. I should think his nose had once been almost determined to be Roman, but hesitated just long enough to settle into the classic Grecian outline.

But the charm of his person is in his full, soft, beaming eyes, which catch an expression from every passing object; and you can always see wit, half sleeping in ambush around them, when it is not shooting its wonted fires. Dickens has almost made us feel that

> "Wit is the pupil of the soul's clear eye,
> And in man's world, the only shining star."

And yet I think his conversation, except in perfect *abandon* among his friends, presents but few striking exhibitions of wit. Still there is a rich vein of humour and good feeling in all he says.

I passed two hours at his house, and when I left was more impressed than ever with the goodness of his heart. I should mention that during my visit I handed him Campbell's letter: it produced not the slightest change in his manner. I expressed, on leaving, the hope that little Nelly (in whose fate I confessed I felt a deeper interest than in that of most real characters) might, after all her wanderings, find a quiet and happy home. "The same hope," he replied, "has been expressed to me by others; and I hardly know what to do. But if you ever hear of her death in a future number of the Clock, you shall say that she died as she lived."

Mr. Dickens is certainly one of the most agreeable men I ever saw; and I wish that they who have formed the mistaken idea that his works are destitute of high moral sentiment, and written merely to amuse the vulgar, would only look into Oliver Twist or Nicholas Nickleby. I wish, too, that they who refuse to read his works because they are *fictitious*, had as much of the milk of human kindness in their hearts as he.

I believe there is no author doing so much for humanity in the British empire. Nor am I alone in this opinion. I have met with a short notice of Nicholas Nickleby, which is attributed to Sidney Smith, the well-known advocate of the repeal of the corn-laws. If the reviewer has formed a just estimate of Mr. Dickens, the author of Nicholas Nickleby is to be ranked among the greatest benefactors of the race. The article is written with consummate ability. It is farther valuable, as it throws much light upon the present condition of England. It depicts in a graphic manner the wretchedness and suffering of the poor, and boldly charges their miseries upon the oppressive laws which have been formed to support a proud and overbearing aristocracy.

### NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

It may appear somewhat strange that we should introduce to *our* readers a subject which appears, at first sight to have about as much to do with the corn-laws as Alexander the Great

with Alexander the Coppersmith. Yet we do not know any man who has done more for the poetry and the picturesque of the bread tax than Mr. Dickens. For wit, perception of character, graphic delineation of those ephemeral human phenomena which elude the grasp of a less delicate perception, he has hardly any rival. Above all, the sort of photogenic quality of his mind, by which every shade and hue of the most neglected and insignificant portions of the moral landscape are made as instinct with interest, truth, and life as the most important and striking, is a feature of it which we do not remember ever to have seen approached by other writers. "It is his nature's plague to spy into abuses." He reminds us of cinder gatherers, who find something by which they can profit in the rubbish that society casts away. He catches up the dross, and makes it shine like pure gold. Nay, he is a sort of moral alchymist, that can convert the worthless into the precious, and show the uses and the significancy of everything that lives, and moves, and has a being. He "gathers up the fragments" of our nature, that "nothing

may be lost." With miraculous touch he can feed, out of the most lenten entertainment, the perishing multitude, and convert water into wine. Like Goldsmith, there is nothing which he does not touch, and nothing he touches which he does not adorn.

But "more than that, than this, than these, than all," we like him for this, that his big heart is in the right place; that he is a man of large humanities: that his moral sympathies are catholic, and his affections universal. He is, as it were, a watchman for heaven. Not a sparrow falleth to the ground, but he registers it in his great history of life. His genius, his wit, his graphic power, and the interest which he gives to all that he sketches, these give him ready access to every circle of society, and make his writings relished equally by the peer, and the peasant; the little milliner in her back parlour, and the great duchess in her boudoir. Scenes that the great cannot even imagine, he carries straight into their drawing-room. Phases of human life, which the rich and powerful either never have an opportunity of observing, or carefully avoid all chance of

bringing within the sphere of their observation, he presents to them in their most striking aspects, without offending their delicacy by the hideous accessories of their actual condition. While he causes the most abject and loathsome objects to come between the wind and their nobility, they are made picturesque and interesting rather than horrible, and stand before the mind rather to teach it a wholesome lesson, and to make pomp take physic, than to disgust without instructing, or wound without amending.

It is a mighty privilege this of genius to make itself heard equally in the kitchen and the hall; to enter in at the straight gate of supercilious rank, or proud and fastidious fashion, and yet to be a welcome passenger in the broad thoroughfare of the vulgar, commonplace working-day world. It is, as it were, to be the conductor that connects the positive and negative poles of society; to be the ambassador from poverty to pride, or the mediator between the abjectness of hopeless penury and the superb magnificence of affluent aristocracy. This, we say, is a mighty privilege,

and this great writer has used it well and wisely. He hath a noble and a Christian heart. He looks upon a human being simply as such, as something inexpressibly great, and upon an immortal creature as of infinite value and significancy. He feels that a man is more precious than many sparrows, and that blurred, and marred, and vitiated though the likeness be, yet there stands the image of his heavenly Father. In his kind and manly breast every fellow-creature finds a willing advocate; the wailing of the desolate catches his ever-listening ear, and the despairing look of the familiar child of wretchedness meets his mild, keen glance, although there should be none other to register its sullen grief.

He makes the cries of the poor to be heard in the palace. And gets the miserable an entrance into the great man's house. The poor orphan, that finds what it is to be in a solitary desert in the thick-peopled city; that, surrounded by a million of professing Christians, is yet alone, and without hope in the world; that tells his dreadful story with patient sadness, but gets no one, in that dense, bustling,

busy, money-getting crowd, to hear him for his cause; why he, of all that populous calvacade, arrests one passing stranger, and he, pen in hand, proclaims his brother's wrongs through the wide extent of broad Britain.

And that same cunning penman, how strange his taste! He finds a forlorn infant so desperate in fortune that even its miserable mother has left it on the step to do or die; and of all the cases for the genteel humane, the drawing-room Christianity, the silk-stockings-and-pumps philanthropy of the times, it so turns out that he will have none other, but only this. He walks straight into the workhouse, and when other men see only some parish brats that are to be abused and poisoned, and sickened with insult, and bad usage into death; why there he sees the soft, innocent, ingenuous, grief-shaded countenance of thoughtful boyhood, and his sound heart yearns the more to him that he has neither father nor mother; nay, none other to take his part in all this selfish, money-getting, civil-barbarous age and nation, save this one great and glorious oak that flings out its fantastic

branches to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. And when none other can plead for forsaken humanity, he, with the authority of omnipotent genius knocks at the portals of greatness with a firmness that will not be said nay, and tells, with an eloquence that cannot be denied, "the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes." God bless that good man! the God who stilleth the cry of the young raven, and who visiteth, in their affliction, the fatherless and the widow.

Listen to him; hear his words of truth and soberness; learn of one who hath been taught by him who was meek and lowly of heart. "Now, when he thought how regularly things went on from day to day in the same unvarying round; how youth and beauty died, and ugly, griping age lived tottering on; how crafty avarice grew rich, and manly honest hearts were poor and sad; how few they were who tenanted the stately houses, and how many those who lay in noisome pens, or rose each day and laid them down at night, and lived and died, father and son, mother and child, race upon race, and generation upon

generation, without a home to shelter them, or the energies of one single man directed to their aid; how in seeking, not a luxurious and splendid life, but the bare means of a most wretched and inadequate subsistence, there were women and children in that one town, divided into classes, numbered and estimated as regularly as the noble families and folks of great degree, and reared from infancy to drive most criminal and dreadful trades; how ignorance was punished and never taught; how jail doors gaped and gallows loomed for thousands urged towards them by circumstances darkly curtaining their very cradles' heads, and but for which they might have earned their honest bread, and lived in peace; how many died in soul, and had no chance of life; how many, who could scarcely go astray, be they vicious as they would, turned haughtily from the crushed and stricken wretch who could scarce do otherwise, and who would have been a greater wonder had he or she done well, than even they, had they done ill; how much injustice, and misery, and wrong there was, and yet how the world rolled on from year to year,

alike careless and indifferent, and no man seeking to remedy or redress it; when he thought of all this, and selected from the mass the one slight cause on which his thoughts were bent, he felt indeed that there was little ground for hope, and little cause or reason why it should not form an atom in the huge aggregate of distress and sorrow, and add one small and unimportant unit to swell the great amount.

> 'Take physic, pomp!
> Expose *thyself* to feel what wretches feel,
> That thou mayst throw the superflux to them,
> And show the heav'ns more just!'"

Can the *great ones* of the earth calmly read but this one passage out of the thousand stirring appeals which everywhere meet them in these extraordinary volumes on behalf of the *little ones* of this weary world, without some misgivings that all is not right? Is there not something in their feeble but plaintive cry, as here supported with the word of power; is there not, we say, something in it (like the pressure of an infant's little hand round the finger of the strong man), that sometimes spoils

a fine dinner to those whose hearts are not just yet a piece of shrivelled parchment? Think, peer, for a brief moment; we say, think. As you read such a picture as this, do the springs of your carriage not feel more uneasy under you as you call to mind that it is built upon the morsel of the beggar? Are there no compunctious visitings of nature that "steal on you ere you are aware," when you feel that the little shivering, street-abandoned wretch that gets his loaf by selling small-ware, is robbed of the half of it to put diamonds in your shoe-buckles? Is it possible that you can see that skeleton, with the keen, sharpened, abject features of starvation, with two naked children and the famishing antic at her breast, whose unnatural, hideous caricature of humanity hardly admits it a place in the classification of the infancy of man, cowering at the foot of some deserted lane to eat their first meal for two days; can it be that you can see this, and forget that even such beings as these pay to you, by a law made *by* yourself *for* yourself, the half of every penny that they beg from some kind being, but a little way less poor than themselves?

See that beautiful young duchess, so encompassed with the odour of refined aristocracy, that as she passes us like the flitting of a cloud, the very sense aches at her; she seems to disdain the very ground she walks upon, and, like the sensitive plant, to shudder and contract into herself at the very contiguity of the poor; although, mayhap, she has sometimes heard, in her crimson velvet pew, that, eighteen hundred years ago, some one declared them to be her brethren and sisters. She will fly the very sight of these horrid wretches, and "swear a pretty oath by yea and nay," because her coachman did not drive the other way, that her eyes might not be offended by the very look of these terrible creatures.

A word in your ear, madam; ay, in your ivory-turned ear, where hang those diamond drops. Why, these sparkling pendants were bought with money robbed from those same beggars. That glittering necklace, "which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore;" believe it or not, is wrung from the hard hands of starving peasants, and every ring on those taper fingers has famished a family of your fellow-creatures.

Woman! bright, beautiful and gentle! in all whose steps is grace, and in every gesture dignity and love! Woman! pure as beautiful; kind as dignified; virtuous and noble, with fair religion "emparadised in form of that sweet flesh," is it possible you do not know, and yet we are *sure* you do not, that every birthday dress ball at Almack's has driven a sister to the streets.

I have the honour to be, dear sir,

Your humble servant,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

*To Fitz-Greene Halleck, Esq.*

London, July —, 1840.

Sir,

I wish that in addressing to you a letter about Thomas Campbell, I could render some worthy tribute to your genius; for I consider literary men the glory of their country. But I trust you will accept this from an obscure individual as an expression of his regard for one who has done so much to bear a knowledge of our literature to other lands.

It has been my happiness often to meet the illustrious author of "Wyoming," during my residence in the metropolis; and I shall always remember his conversations and society as among the brightest spots of my life in England. I can remember no author I read with so much enthusiasm in early years; no one who exerted so powerful an influence upon my taste and character. How many long summer days

have I whiled away under the large elms, which fling their green arms over the shining river that rolls its gentle current by my childhood's home, with the "Pleasures of Hope" and my "faithful dog" alone "to bear me company!"

How often did I then long for boyhood's years to pass, and bring the time when I could dash into the wide world, and roam, free as the "wild bird in his native wild-wood." It was one of my brightest dreams then, and ever has been since, that I should one day see Thomas Campbell. Whenever I thought of England I thought of him: there was a charm in his name.

The first time I saw Campbell was at a meeting of the Convention. He came into the Hall with Dr. Beattie, and was immediately recognised by several gentlemen, who announced his name. He was called for from every quarter. One of the American delegation who was then speaking gave way, and the poet was received with the most enthusiastic applause.

He said he did not wish to make a speech;

but, as one of the literary men of England, he was proud to enrol his name on the records of a Convention assembled for so magnificent a purpose. He considered this Convention one of the noblest bodies of men which the great interests of civilization and humanity had ever brought together. The philanthropists of the *world* had gathered here to sympathize with the suffering and oppressed of all nations, and to devise means for the universal diffusion of liberty. They had proposed for themselves the most sublime object that ever entered the human mind—the emancipation of man everywhere from the thraldom of man. He hoped these guardians of humanity would believe that he felt the deepest interest in all their movements; and his earnest prayer was for God to bless them.

"Friends of humanity," said he, "I extend to you the fellowship and co-operation of the literary men of England. The poetry of the world has always been on the side of liberty; and it always will be there. I am glad to see, too, the representatives of the great American Republic mingling in your councils. We greet

them warmly as brothers to our shores; and I trust when they return, they will tell the literary men of America, that in refusing to lift up their voice fearlessly against slavery, they have no sympathy from us. I am rejoiced to see so many men here from America. It does my heart good to see you.

"Freedom! I know not whether to call thee the parent or the child of the press; but certain it is, that blissful freedom lives, and moves, and has its being only in the *liberty* of the press. (Cheers.) The press of this country is a very good press in many respects, but it has not done its full duty on this question; and, Americans, I tell you frankly, if we are deficient in this respect, you are much more so. There are some splendid exceptions; and no one can hear me without having his recollection called to Channing. But, generally, the literary men of America have shirked the question. I wish to avoid everything like personal allusions, otherwise I could name those to whom I refer, and with whom I *am* displeased. If there be a diversity of opinion upon the subject of slavery among them; if any one of them

will come forward and prove its blessings, in the devil's name let him do so; but do not let him *shirk* the question. (Cheers and laughter.) I therefore beg you, American gentlemen, to give my compliments to my friends on the other side of the Atlantic, and tell them that, though I scold them a little, yet I like them very well. Tell them from me to write upon the question; but, as a corollary to that, tell them, too, not to let it be in verse. (Laughter.) The Americans have noble heads for prose; among them they have the very first prose writers in the world; but in verse—ah! I will say nothing—it may do very well to run upon all fours, but it cannot rise. (Laughter.) It puts me in mind of the old story of the dying man. A friend was preaching to him, and painting all the joys of Paradise, when the poor fellow said, 'Oh, say no more about the joys of Paradise; your bad style makes them disgusting.'

"I will say no more; only let me return my fervent thanks to my kind friends for the honour of belonging to this noble association. It goes to my heart when I think of the number

of my fellow men who are labouring under the horrors of slavery; but when I look around me here, I see the germs of liberty for them budding forth." (Cheers.)

This slur upon the genius of America excited a deep sensation throughout the Hall. The loud cheers which had followed every word, were now exchanged for murmurs of disapprobation. I was exceedingly astonished to hear such sentiments from the lips of Campbell. The sympathy of the Convention was obviously on the side of America. They were evidently words spoken in an unguarded moment; and, as I afterwards was happy to know, no one regretted them so much as Campbell himself.

The American speaker again took the floor, and nobly replied to him. He defended his countrymen like a true-hearted American; and, in illustration of the genius of Whitier and Bryant, quoted some of their best lines, which were received with generous enthusiasm and prolonged cheering.

But this speech, for many reasons, Campbell never should have made. It was *unjust*, for our best poets have written as good lines

as he: it was *indelicate*; for even had it been true, he was the last man who should have said anything about it. I listened to his speech with pain. I have often seen him since; and at every interview he has said something of that speech. He seemed grieved and mortified about it, and requested me to make his peace with my countrymen.

"I had not," said he, "the faintest idea of making a speech, or of saying one word when I entered the Convention. I am not accustomed to speaking in public assemblies, and whenever I make the attempt I am troubled with nervous excitement, which so agitates me that I hardly know what I am saying: it was in an unguarded moment that I made that *odious and indelicate speech.*

"Do you suppose, sir, it will be generally known in America?" I replied that it would be printed in a great many papers, and severely criticised; and what pained me more was, that it would be read by thousands who had loved and honoured his name, and chiefly by those who were familiar with his poetry.

"Well," said he, "will your countrymen

forgive me if I repent?" I answered that we were not ungenerous in America, I trusted; and although I was very sorry he had said what he did, yet I doubted not, when his feelings were known across the water, he would still be loved and admired.

"Well," he answered, "I will make all the atonement I can. I will write you a note, authorizing you to tell what my feelings are, and requesting you to make the facts of the case known." He took his pen and wrote the following note:

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Make my peace with your countrymen. It was a foolish and inconsiderate speech that I made at the Convention;—it was unlike myself. I would give a hundred pounds I had never uttered it.

Yours truly,

THOS. CAMPBELL.

61, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 13th July, 1840.

"There, sir," said he, as he handed me the note, "I can do nothing more; I wish I could.

And I want you to promise me that you will act in my defence when you go home. Scarcely a day of my life has passed for many years that I have not thought and spoken of America; and yet I never said in all my life so cruel a thing about you before; and I never will again. I have always loved America better than any land on earth, except my own. When the whole paltry tribe of Reviewers and Critics in Great Britain were traducing America and her Authors, I opened the columns of the Magazine I edited at that time for articles which espoused your cause, and wrote such papers myself; and what strange fatality urged me on to say those words that fell from me in Freemasons' Hall, the Lord only knows; I don't. But it was one of Tom Campbell's blunders; and as the inimitable Sam Slick says, 'it's just my luck, for it never would have happened to any other man.'

"Tell your countrymen I love America; and God knows I am sincere when I say so. I love your country, for it is the scene of my 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' I love America for her stupendous scenery; I love her for her genius

and her literature, and her *poetry* too—for some of the sweetest verses ever written on earth have been written by your own poets—and, above all, I love America for her noble free Institutions. There everybody has enough to eat, and it is the only country on earth, too, of which this can be said; and that is no small thing. Oh! sir, if you only knew the millions of poor wretches in Great Britain who are famishing for want of bread, and all, too, in a beautiful green world, where nature spreads a bountiful table for all her children! Your country opens its broad arms of kindness and of plenty to the thousands who are driven from our shores by oppression, and adopts them as her own children. Oh! there is something beautiful in liberty."

I promised Campbell that on my return to America I would faithfully attend to his request.*

* "I found, on reaching home, a general feeling of surprise and grief at the remarks of Campbell; and I addressed a communication to the Editor of the Evening Post, which was published in that paper, and extensively copied into the leading journals of the country. I sent a copy of the paper to the Poet, and, in acknowledging

My first interview with Campbell was in a literary circle at the house of Dr. Beattie. In person he is rather below the middle stature; his features indicate great sensibility, and that fastidiousness for which he is so remarkable in everything he undertakes. His eyes are large, peculiarly striking, and of a deep blue colour. His nose is aquiline, and his expression generally saturnine. He has long worn a wig; but the natural colour of his hair, I believe, is dark. There is nothing very brilliant in his conversation except when he is excited, and then every charm which wit, fancy, learning, and enthusiasm can throw around conversation, combines to render his society agreeable.

He made many inquiries about the scenery of the Vale of Wyoming. I remarked that his own description of it was as true to nature as it could have been had he visited it himself; and I ventured to inquire how he had gained so correct an idea of it.

"I read," he replied, "every description of

the receipt of it, he expressed his satisfaction, and thanked me for "acting as guardian of his fame in the Land of Wyoming."

the Vale of Wyoming, which I could lay my hands upon, and saw several travellers who had been there. I am glad to hear you express the opinion that my description of it is a good one."

"Perhaps, sir," I continued, "you may one day see that vale yourself; and I can assure you no man would meet a warmer greeting in America."

"Oh, sir," he replied, "I don't know what would make me so happy as to go there. I should like to travel through it incog.; for I hate a crowd, and noise, and public display. I have always thought I should like to cross the Atlantic; and it is not much more of an enterprise now to go to New York than to Paris. But I think I am too old to undertake it: I fear that the time has gone by; and yet I don't quite like the idea that I am too old to do anything I wish. I don't know but my heart is as young as ever; though my bodily infirmities remind me that poets must grow old as well as others.

"But I must talk with you a good deal more about Columbia. Will you come and see me?

Come and breakfast with me next Saturday morning, will you? You won't find much to interest you, to be sure, for I am an old man. And, since you are an American, I will, in compliment to your sensible Yankee custom of early rising, ask you to come before my usual breakfast-hour. I commonly breakfast at half past eleven. Now you come at half past ten; and then you must let me turn Yankee, and ask you as many questions as I like."

There was a free-heartedness and unaffected simplicity in his manner which was very delightful. Dr. Beattie happened to be passing us at that moment, and he promised to breakfast with us. "But I will come only on one consideration," said he; "that you shall both of you dine with me the day after to-morrow at six. We will have but one or two other friends present, and I think we can pass a few hours pleasantly."

There is nothing which an Englishman values himself on more than his hospitality, and nothing of which he has more reason to be proud. A more elegant dinner could not have

been spread than was furnished for us when we came together. No man understands better than an Englishman what befits such an occasion; and while every thing which can minister to the luxury and comfort of the guest is provided, he is made to feel at home. He is not singled out as the special object of attention; he is not urged to "eat a little more of this," or "just to taste of that"—a practice much too common with us. A spectator would not distinguish the stranger guest at the table from a familiar friend. Kind and simple-hearted attentions are exhibited in the most delicate manner. The entertainment seems got up less for display than *comfort*—the only word in our language that expresses the idea.

After an hour passed pleasantly with the family circle, Campbell and myself were left alone with our host; and I can assure you that the best part of this handsome entertainment came (in the language of Erin) after the entertainment was over. The two poets seemed fired with their wonted inspiration. I wish I could give you their conversations at length, and do so with propriety. But too many flashes

of fancy and strokes of wit, too many effusions of lofty and exquisite feeling, mingled in their conversation ever to be described. They were like pencillings of light on the summer cloud, that pass away too quickly to be fixed by the painter's eye.

Besides, I would be careful not to say too much about scenes of this kind I meet in England; for there is nothing so painful to me as the thought of violating the sacredness of confidence. Do not understand me to mean, that I suppose any special confidence was reposed in me more than in other visiters; but no one can be admitted familiarly to a family circle, without seeing and hearing many things of which he should never speak in other places.

There is but one vice of conversation I despise more than flattery; and that is when expressions of sincere regard, made in the fulness of our souls, are attributed to this odious habit. Were all men honest, there would be no occasion for withholding the genuine feelings of the heart. We might converse with as little disguise as children, and disclose the sentiments of the soul as truthfully as the sky mir-

rors itself on the bosom of the lake. I was persuaded that the spirit of kindness, so conspicuous in the writings of these men, would exhibit itself no less strikingly in their intercourse with others; and I was not disappointed. I frankly expressed the feelings I had long cherished towards them, and had reason to believe my motives were understood and appreciated.

A dear friend of mine, whose eyes have been long closed by blindness to the beauties of the natural world, once expressed a desire to go with me on a pilgrimage to the scenes which have been made classic ground by the genius of Campbell. He had read his works until every line was as familiar as household words, and he wished to visit those quiet spots, and gather fresh inspiration from them.

No man was ever gifted with a warmer or more generous heart, as few have been with a finer genius. In his youth he had looked for himself on the face of nature, and a brilliant fancy and classic education, with the rich scenery of his own sheltered valley, had prepared him well to enjoy the journey. We passed several weeks of the autumn of 1833

on the shore of that beautiful lake, where the ruins of the castle of the "Oneida Chief" are still to be seen. There is no portion of American scenery about which more fine old legends can be told. It witnessed many a hard struggle in our border wars between the French and the English; and, still later, between the English and their own kindred. Autumn had begun to spread its sober melancholy over the landscape, and the quiet shores were bathed in the yellow light of an Indian summer. It was a grateful task for one who had from him whose steps he led learned to converse with nature in all her forms, to describe the scenery around us. I felt then how lofty a pleasure there is in "being eyes to the blind."

Every day we wandered through the primeval forest, and when we were tired we used to sit down under their solemn shades, among the falling leaves, and read "Gertrude of Wyoming." It was in these thick woods, where we could hear no sounds but the song of the wild birds, or the squirrel cracking his nuts, away from the busy world, that I first felt the full power of Campbell's genius.

When I had finished the relation of these

circumstances, Campbell, who was standing by the window, came to the table, and taking my hand, pressed it warmly, saying: "God bless you, sir; you make me happy; although you make me weep. I can stand before my enemies, and no man ever saw me quail there; but, sir, you must forgive me now; this is more than I can bear."

We all sat in silence, for it seemed that one spoken word would dissolve the charm. Dr. Beattie was the first to speak. "If this," said he, "is not the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul,' there is no such thing on earth."

"Yes," said Campbell, "this *is* the flow of soul; and it is dearer to me than all the praise I ever had before. I do confess it overcomes me to think, that in that wild American scenery, three thousand miles distant, I have had such readers, and all, too, among scenes I never witnessed myself. Doctor, I will go to America yet. But don't forget, sir, to tell that blind friend of yours, that Campbell loves him as well as he loves Gertrude. One such pilgrimage as that is worth more to my old heart than the tallest monument. God forgive me!

I am not worthy of this; but I enjoy it none the less."

I asked him what part of the day he considered most favourable to study. "This," he answered, "depends, I think, a good deal upon habit. But I am inclined to the opinion that even habit never can make any portion of the day so valuable to the scholar as the morning. I have always found that I could accomplish most at that time; the thoughts are clearer and more natural, and the powers are fresh and vigorous. I have ever been an early riser, and done the chief part of my writing before breakfast. There is something in the stillness of the morning, particularly in town, which is favourable to intellectual exertion. And then, in the country, the grand charm of existence is in an early morning walk; one's thoughts then are purer, one's feelings more spiritual. I think I can tell the difference between a production written before and one written after breakfast; *particularly if I wrote it myself!*"

I inquired if he passed his time as pleasantly in London as in the country. He replied,

"Why, sir, I like London well enough; but then we can't always do as we would, you know. London is a great Maelstroom; it absorbs everything: the wealth, the business, the literature, the legislation, the books, the authors, the ladies, and, in short, the indispensable appendages to an Englishman's existence, are all in London. A man may roam over the country for pleasure or health, but the first moment he undertakes to do anything else he must come up to London. Here you can find every comfort and luxury you could, should you roam the world over. Almost everybody worth seeing lives here; or, at least, is in town during *the season*—a phrase which, you must have learned, has a strange signification.

"I lived a good many years at Sydenham, a beautiful spot in Kent; and would always have chosen to remain in the country; but about twenty years ago I was obliged, in the accomplishment of my literary projects, to follow the multitude, and take up my residence in the metropolis; and I suppose I can't get away now; nor do I think I should be able to exist

away from my London friends. I am quite sure I couldn't live without seeing my good friend the Doctor, every day or two."

Suddenly changing the current of conversation, he exclaimed, with great warmth, "I love America very much, and I came very near being an American myself. My father passed a portion of his early life in Virginia; but for some reason or other, best known to himself, I suppose, he returned to Europe before the Revolutionary War. My uncle, who accompanied my father to America, adopted it as his country. One of his sons was district attorney under Washington's administration. Robert Campbell, my brother, settled in Virginia, and married a daughter of your glorious Patrick Henry, who stood like a lighthouse of adamant in the Revolution. But Robert, poor fellow, died more than thirty years ago. Yes, if I were not a Scotchman, I would like to be an American."

The conversation then turned upon the author of the "Pickwick Papers;" Campbell withdrew to write for me a note of introduction to Dickens; and while he was gone Dr.

Beattie related to me some interesting facts in the history of the poet's life.

"When Campbell was twelve years old he entered the University of Glasgow, and immediately distinguished himself. The following year he carried the prize from the best scholar in the University, and gained a bursary. The exercise was a translation of one of the comedies of Aristophanes. His rival was nearly twice his own age. His second prize effort was a translation of a tragedy of Æschylus, which he gained without a rival. These translations were both in finished verse. During the seven years he remained at the University, he was uniformly the successful candidate; and when he received his last prize, his Greek professor publicly pronounced it the best production that had ever been written in the University.

"Campbell was desired by many of his admirers to enter a profession; but his love for poetry and belles-lettres gave his pursuits another direction. He passed a considerable time, after leaving Glasgow, among the romantic hills of Argyleshire. Here his poetical

spirit increased in energy, and the charms of verse took entire possession of his mind. Many people still resident there will tell you about young Campbell's wandering alone over the scenery of that wild country, reciting the strains of other poets aloud, or silently composing his own. Several of his pieces written at that time, which he has never considered worthy of a place in his published works, are to this day handed about in Scotland in manuscript. 'The Dirge of Wallace,' which is not found in the London edition of his poems, is one of these wild compositions. Campbell is very sensitive about all he publishes, and he has written many pieces much admired by his friends, upon which he places no value.

"From Argyleshire he removed to Edinburgh, where he was immediately brought into notice, and became familiar with the most celebrated men who at that period ornamented the Scottish capital. Here he enjoyed the friendship and attention of some of the first men of the age. Under these favourable circumstances he brought out his 'Pleasures of Hope' at the age of twenty-one; and where is

there another instance of a poem which combines so much pure philosophy, classic beauty, and moral grandeur, written at so early an age? It was an almost miraculous performance!

"After residing two or three years in Edinburgh he went to the Continent. He travelled over the greater part of Germany and Prussia, visiting the universities, studying German literature, and conversing with distinguished men. He cherishes a great admiration for some of his Continental friends, and often speaks of the two Schlegels and the venerable Klopstock, who died soon after he saw him. During this period he studied intensely, and accumulated immense intellectual treasures, which have since enriched all his works and conversations.

"It is an interesting fact, that while he was at Vienna, an edition of his 'Pleasures of Hope,' proposed for publication by his friends, was forbidden by the Court, on account of that glorious passage which relates to Kosciusko and the fall of Poland. It was in Hamburgh that Campbell fell in with some of the Irish exiles, whose enthusiasm, with their sincerity and misfortunes, inspired him to write that

touching piece, 'The Exile of Erin.' It was set to an old Irish air, and will perish, of course, only with the wreck of the language.

"He stood on the walls of a convent with the monks, and overlooked the bloody field of Hohenlinden. His 'Battle of Hohenlinden' was written at that time, and a part of it on the convent wall: it almost atones for the horrors of that sanguinary day. Its grandeur and martial sublimity certainly exceed everything of the kind in the English language.

"On his return from the Continent, he visited London for the first time, where he found his fame greater than in any other part of the world. He became the leading star of the literary circles in the metropolis. Soon after, he married Miss Sinclair, a lady of Scottish ancestry, and celebrated for her personal beauty. He spent the happiest part of his life in his quiet retreat at Sydenham, surrounded by the charities of a sweet home. Here he wrote his great work, 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' But he was drawn from this retreat to London, where he has since been steadily enriching the literature of our language with works which will go down to the latest times."

On the morning appointed, I called to breakfast with the author of "O'Connor's Child." His rooms are on the second floor of a fine house in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. He met me at the street gate, and seemed to be in a genuine "poetic mood." He was dressed in a blue coat, white pantaloons and waistcoat, and light blue cravat.

"I am glad to see you," said he, offering to pay my coachman his fare (a courtesy often extended by gentlemen here to their guests). "Last night I let my fancy play all over your continent, from Plymouth Rock to the shores of the Pacific. I thought of ten thousand things I wanted to talk to you about, though I presume they have all gone out of my foolish head before now. But we shall find something to talk of, I fancy, when we get a cup of coffee, and the Doctor sits down with us."

He took me into his library, a large room, looking out upon a beautiful green garden in the rear of the house. I could describe everything I have seen in London better than I can describe Campbell's study. There is an air of inspiration about it; everything is in the most

glorious, hap-hazard confusion. On entering it, I at once felt happy, for everything was perfectly at ease around me. Before the grate lay the skin of a huge African tiger, which he brought from Algiers (shot by himself, I think, he said), the ears, tail, &c., all there, and the spots as bright as life. It makes a very *poetical* rug, of course.

"That rug, sir!" said he; "why I think more of that rug than I should of a Devonshire estate. Why, sir, when I sit down to my old table here, I find a never-failing source of inspiration in that tiger skin. I prize it almost as highly as I do my own."

On the mantelpiece is quite an extensive museum: Indian arrows, minerals, and other curiosities from the Valley of Wyoming, &c. His library is large, and contains a great number of choice works in different languages. He showed me a copy of every edition of his works which has ever been published in England, America, or on the Continent. I do not remember the exact number of editions, but they were very numerous.

The walls are hung with old pictures, some

of which are of great value. I observed, also, the fine engraving of the Queen, after Sully's painting. He told me, that when the illustrated edition of his poems was published (which is one of the most beautifully executed works that ever came from the London press), he sent a copy of it to her Majesty; and she, in return, was graciously pleased to present him this portrait, with her own autograph at the bottom.

Dr. Beattie having now arrived, Campbell ordered breakfast to be prepared. In a few moments it was brought in, and the servant left the room. We took our seats at the little round table, which stood in the centre of the library. The breakfast-table is the place to meet an Englishman; all the etiquette of fashion and parade is there laid aside; it is a confidential, simple, and unceremonious meal, and is almost the only place where you come in contact with the English heart.

"Here, gentlemen," said our host, "is coffee, tea, dry toast, boiled eggs, and the glory of the Scotch table, a cup of marmalade; all very simple. I never make a parade; I

don't like it. But then there is one thing here you must praise. I told a good old Scotch aunt of mine I was to have two friends to breakfast with me this morning, and she must make a Scotch pie, such as we used to eat in Edinburgh and among the old hills of Argyleshire; and you see she has sent it down to me."

Campbell did the honours of the table, with all the enthusiasm of the poet; poured out our coffee; told us anecdotes; talked about Scotland, Walter Scott, Burns, and Wallace. I felt that it was the best hour of my life. In our conversation an allusion was made to Aaron Burr. "Burr, I think," said he, "must have been one of the most splendid men in the world; his power of diplomacy and intrigue was unbounded; but he was a *heartless libertine*. If ever a man went into the eternal world, with the deep damnation of blood on his soul, that man was Aaron Burr. I never could forgive him for murdering Hamilton. You have never had many men in America for whom I feel so great a reverence as for Hamilton. Poor man! what strange infatuation

could have driven him on to sacrifice himself?"

Campbell feels a deep interest in the Indian races of America. "The world never will forget your treatment of the poor Indians," said he. "How they have faded away before the advance of the white man! I think there cannot be a more melancholy spectacle, than to see some brave chief come back in his old age from beyond the great Mississippi, where you have driven him, to break his bowstring over the graves of his fathers; to see the broad fields that once belonged to his ancestors, where they used to chase the wild deer in the deep woods, and find these tall forests cut down, and these fields in the hands of his pale-faced conquerors! I think I should feel as much, at seeing such an old Indian standing on some green hill top of New England, as I should at seeing a fine column erect among the ruins of an old empire."

We conversed some time about poor authors. "England," said he, "is very remarkable for one thing, more so, perhaps, than any other nation. She starves her authors to death, and then deifies them, and makes pilgrimages

to their shrines. For my part, I should think it a better arrangement to expend a part of the money which their posthumous admirers lavish upon their tombs, in giving them bread and butter, which poets stand in no less need of than their less ethereal worshippers. An author must be ethereal indeed, not to grow hungry upon nothing more substantial than the breath of the multitude."

At one period of his life, Campbell suffered from poverty; but he is understood at present to be in the enjoyment of an ample fortune, which he has recently come in possession of, by the death of a relative. He is now writing the last pages of his Life of Petrarch, in which he has been for many years engaged.

There are three men in America for whom he cherishes the highest admiration—Channing, Irving and Bryant. Of Channing he said, "Of course, I express no opinion of his theology—I do not understand these matters—but as to his style, I consider him superior, as a prose writer, to every other living author. I have read that work of Channing which you handed me the other day (his book on slavery). It is a glo-

rious production—what simplicity of eloquence and ratiocination! When I finished it, I exclaimed, in the words which Chatterton puts in the mouth of Edward respecting Sir Charles Bawdin,

> 'The man is right—he speaks the truth—
> He's greater than a king.'

"Irving is a most charming writer. There is great beauty, pure classic taste, and refined sensibility in everything from his pen. Some of his sketches are the most beautiful and affecting productions ever written. He has not the power, the eloquence of Channing; in these two respects Channing has no rival. But, if Irving could not have written Channing's Slavery, Channing never could have written Irving's 'Broken Heart.' There are chords in the heart which neither can touch alone; but I believe there is no passion of the soul that will not be deeply stirred in reading the works of both—they are very great men.

"Bryant I esteem your greatest poet. I have always been astonished that he has not written some more extended work. He could sustain

himself, I think, through a great poem; but some of his pieces are the best ever written in America. His Thanatopsis is his finest production; he has never equalled it, and no man can excel it. I never read the closing lines of the Thanatopsis without being, I think, a better man. There is in them a spirit of kindness which bears the fine moral to the depths of the heart:

'So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and sooth'd
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

"Is it not strange that the man who can write such lines as these should content himself to sit down in a dirty office, and edit a political newspaper in New York?"

I inquired his opinion of Mrs. Sigourney. He had never heard of her! "But," said he, "that is not the slightest evidence that she is not a fine or a distinguished writer, for I have

become quite an ignoramus about the literary matters of the present day. I am more familiar with those of the last generation; but, after what you have said of her writings, I will certainly get her book and read it.

"I have often admired Halleck's Marco Botzaris; that is a very stirring and beautiful poem. Drake's American Flag is fine; and Whittier has written some most excellent pieces. So have Pierpont and Dana; but you seem to have had no *great poet*. Your poetical genius, like your wealth and liberty, seems diffused over the whole population; for I hear that every American writes poetry."

Campbell understands this matter better than most Englishmen; and this single remark of his is a key to American character. I do not believe there is a country on earth where the poetical spirit so generally prevails as in America. The grandeur of nature in all her forms, the wild and primeval aspect of the country, waken a deep enthusiasm in the hearts of all the people. It is generally supposed in Europe that we are only a business nation; that we have little time left from the labours of subdu-

ing an interminable forest, for the arts or graces of refined life; that we care for nothing but money.

But it has always been said that the early history of every nation is more characterized by poetry and enthusiasm than any other period. It was so with Ancient Nations. The full glow of civilization, in all its artificial splendour, is unfavourable to romance.

"When a general intercourse in society prevails, the age of great genius has passed, and equality of talents is diffused among a multitude of authors and artists: they have extended the superficies of genius, but have lost the intensity; the contest is more furious, but victory is more rare. The master-spirits who create an epoch, the inventors, lived at periods when they inherited nothing from their predecessors; in seclusion they stood apart, the solitary lights of their age. At length, when a people have emerged to glory, and a silent revolution has obtained by a more uniform light of knowledge coming from all sides, the genius of society becomes greater than the genius of the individual; hence the character of genius itself be-

comes subordinate. A conversational age succeeds a studious one, and the family of genius are no longer recluses. It is only in solitude that the genius of eminent men has been formed: solitude is the nurse of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the true parent of genius; in all ages it has been called ror—it has been flown to. No considerable work was ever composed but its author, like an ancient magician, first retired to the grove or the closet to seek inspiration. There is society in the deepest solitude; and there only can men of genius indulge in the romances of their souls—their dreams and their vigils; and with the morning, fly without interruption to the labour they had so reluctantly quitted." These or similar words, if I remember right, are used by the elder D'Israeli: they are not only beautiful, but true.

This, I think, sufficiently accounts for the fact that we have never had our great poet. But there are causes which have a tendency to inspire enthusiasm in the hearts of the American people, which do not exist in any other land. It is probably true, that the cha-

racter of a nation's literature depends, in a great measure, upon its government. A despotic government, while it crushes the mass, always elevates the few. This favoured class possesses all the wealth and enjoys all the privileges; the genius and intellectual culture are confined within as narrow a circle as the wealth. Neither Homer, Dante, nor Shakspeare, would have produced their mighty works if they had lived under popular influences—under the operation of republican institutions; for such institutions operate so equally for the elevation of all, that there is a natural tendency in the mind of the country to form itself upon the same general model. Great inequalities in condition do not exist, and there will be the same general equality in intellect.

But when genius shuts itself up from the world, and breathes an atmosphere in which the mass never mingle, it is left to the inspiration of solitude—to its own lofty self communings. It is only in such solitude that the mind attains its loftiest and most original character. Under the pure teachings of great Nature, genius marks out a path for itself. Perhaps in his solitary

chamber, "lit by stars," you find not a book upon the scholar's table: nature is the only volume he reads. Thrown upon his own unassisted powers, he achieves what he never could have accomplished in a library, or in mingling with the herd of his brother men. He finds himself alone in the wide fields of nature; he makes a way for himself, and all who come after him follow in his steps. In this way the genius of all great authors has been formed.

But who would not give up an author that can be gained only once a century perhaps, to see the mass of a great people, among whom the genius of these mighty minds is diffused, rising to a high and pure elevation? If we have not a Shakspeare, a Bacon, or a Dante, neither have we, thanks to kind Fortune, the millions of debased and ignorant beings around us that Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Dante heard crying for bread, and breathing out their heavy groans under the hand of oppression.

How cheering to turn away from the night of Old World barbarism, whose masses were unillumined except by a few bright stars which

shone only for themselves, in a high and distant heaven, to the New Wild Free World! Every American child grows up in the school of Nature, where Art mingles just enough with her spirit to leave him free to form a natural character.

It is while the early settler is still surrounded with the solemn forests, that he communes most steadily and intimately with Heaven; for go where you will, you will find that the man who is most constantly under the influence of nature, possesses the most enthusiasm.

All Europe could not produce one such character as Cooper's favourite hero, whom he has now conducted, with never-failing interest, through the last of the Mohicans, the Pioneers, the Prairie, the Pathfinder, (and last of all, we meet our old friend in the Deerslayer), with his wild, untameable, but childlike heart, fresh and generous as ever.

This is a fiction indeed; but not the less true to nature is the Pathfinder for all that. Every American who is familiar with the history of his country, every American who has roamed through our great Western forests, recognises

in that admirable character the representation of a great class of his own countrymen.

Besides, we have our antiquities, and our monuments of past ages, scattered, like fallen columns, thick over the continent. We have no damp crumbling monasteries and castles, around which old legends linger (generally fictions invented by lovers of the marvellous), through whose desolate halls you can hear only the sepulchral voices of pale vergers and withered monks, "counting their beads and pattering prayer;" but we have the ruins of old empires, over which the dust of antiquity gathered long before Julius Cæsar landed on the shores of Britain—ruins still to be seen.

The races which have preceded us raised their *tumuli* and dug out mountain caves. They erected vast fortifications against their enemies, and temples to their gods; and the remains of these works are still seen by the traveller. We have, too, those wide grassy plains, for which "the speech of England has no name"—the Prairies—

> "The gardens of the desert these,
> The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful."

And we have the sublimity of the wilderness, from which the "hand of nature never has been lifted."

I remember, some years ago, when passing up the Mississippi in company with an educated young Englishman, frequently scaring the wild deer on the banks by the noise of our steamer. "I would by far," said he, "see this spectacle," (as the animals dashed away into the forest), "than the fairest scene in the Old World." We sometimes sailed fifty miles without seeing a sign of civilization; all around us were the repose and grandeur of solemn nature. "We cannot enjoy this in England," said he. "We have our parks and our deer; but they are not the wild, free creatures we see here, who can roam through *your* parks for thousands of miles."

The magnificence of our scenery is confessed by all; but Europeans have often alleged it as a grand defect, that we are without those associations of the past which mingle with our contemplation of the scenery of the Old World: no Shakspeare is buried on the banks of one of our streams; we have no gray towers, or

castles; or convent bells. Still a thousand wild, beautiful legends are told of the early settlers on our frontiers; and the great struggle for freedom has sanctified many a spot;" but, above all, liberty dwells in the hearts of our people.

In walking through the narrow and filthy lanes of the large manufacturing towns in England, I have seen thousands of pale, hungry, ragged children, flocking to the mills, while it was yet early morning; and that numerous class not yet able to work; and I could not but contrast these unfortunate children, compelled to labour through childhood and youth, to old age (if, indeed, they did not meet the better lot to die while young), with the cheerful boys and girls of New-England, who rise from their long, healthful sleep, with free hearts, and wander away with full stomachs to the district school-house.

I only wish my countrymen would feel more grateful for the inestimable blessings of their own free land. I am every day more and more deeply impressed with the belief, that there has never yet been an age or a country

in which such high facilities were afforded for accomplishing the great objects of human existence; for making life *so* valuable.

It would be strange, indeed, if America had not *many good* poets; but still stranger, if she had *one great* one.*

Pardon, sir, so long a letter, and accept assurances of regard from

Your faithful servant,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

* The day before I left London I called to see Campbell for the last time. We passed an hour together in his library. He was as cheerful and as kind as ever. "For *your* sake, I am glad you are going home," he said; "for my own, I am sorry; for you have made a bright spot in Campbell's life. But how can you have stayed away from home so long? Oh! what a word that is! Home!

"Here is a copy of the illustrated edition of my poems; take it with you; and if, with *your Gertrude*, you ever go again to the Valley of Wyoming, it may be a pleasure to her to hear you say, 'Campbell gave me this!' Farewell, sir; and God bless you with a safe and prosperous voyage." He shook my hand heartily, and we parted at the door.

*To the Hon. John C. Calhoun.*

SIR,

WELL knowing that you never fail to be interested in anything that relates to the prosperity of the American people, I have thought you would pardon me for addressing you a letter on the probable influence of the commerce of British India upon the staple productions of the South. I know this is a question which more directly concerns the Southern States than the rest of the Union, but I trust I feel as deep an interest in that portion of the country as in any other. I desire to see the great states of the South, under a wise and humane policy, develop their mighty resources and become, as they may, one of the fairest, most desirable, and opulent portions of the confederacy. So long as our Union continues, and may Heaven preserve it through all coming time, we cannot separate the interests of

one part of it from those of another. While it subsists, no blow can fall upon an individual member of it, without its being felt by the whole body.

Perhaps there is no question now before the British people, in which our country is so deeply concerned, as the commerce and agriculture of the East Indies; none which will so directly, powerfully, and permanently affect the whole of our Southern and South-western States. My attention has been turned to this subject, for a considerable time with deep interest; and although I cannot admit the truth of all the statements which have been made, or feel the force of all the conclusions which have been adopted in regard to the India question, yet I am fully persuaded there is much in this matter worthy the candid and careful investigation of the Southern States; much which our statesmen had better look to, when they can find leisure from the *paramount duties* of party squabbles and cabinet cabals.

While I was in England I collected many facts in relation to this subject, and since my return I have been no careless observer of

what has subsequently transpired. I feel desirous, therefore, to lay before my countrymen a few brief statements, which seem to be of immediate concern to them.

I do not address you this letter, Sir, because I suppose I can say anything on this subject which has not already been discovered by so keen-sighted and sagacious a statesman as yourself, particularly as it is so intimately connected with the prosperity of the South; but I do it because you represent one of the most opulent and respectable of the Southern States. And you may be assured, sir, that in what I say I am influenced only by a desire to render some service to my country, and that not the slightest hostility or prejudice against the South is mingled with my feelings.

It is well known that, since the invention of the cotton-gin, the increase in the growth of cotton has been rapid beyond all precedent, and that it now forms by far the most important article of our exports. For this, England is our largest customer; the total amount of her imports of cotton from the United States being annually not less than 300,000,000 lbs.

If there be a prospect, then, that the British market will be in a great measure closed against this important staple, is it not well for us to consider what must be the result?

For distinctness, I will arrange what I have to say under separate heads. I think any man, who has paid the least attention to this matter, will perceive, 1. That British India is amply capable of producing almost any quantity of the very commodities which form the principal articles of export from the states of the South; and that these commodities can be procured from thence, not only at a less price than is now paid for our productions, but at so low a price that we cannot, at the cost of slave-labour, compete with them.

British India comprises a tract of country nearly as large as the whole of the United States, with 150,000,000 of people, and can easily be made to supply the entire demand of Great Britain for cotton, rice, and tobacco; and, at the same time, more adequately provide for her own population. The evidence I adduce below will convince every reader, that I speak advisedly. This evidence has been subjected

to the closest scrutiny, and I am not aware of any interest or prejudice that can sway my judgment.

In his History of the British Colonies (a most valuable work), Montgomery Martin says:

"The British possessions in India are rich to overflowing with every product of vegetable life, which an all-wise and ever-beneficent Providence could bestow to gratify the sight and contribute to the happiness of his creatures." Professor Royle, of King's College, says, "In the peninsula of India, and in the neighbouring island of Ceylon, we have a climate capable of producing cinnamon, cassia, pepper, &c. The coffee grown on the Malabar coast is of so superior a quality as to be taken to Arabia and re-exported as Mocha coffee. The Tinnevelly senna brings the highest price in the London market. The common potatoe has been introduced into almost every part of India with great success and benefit to the people. The continent everywhere produces indigo, *cotton*, *tobacco*, sugar, and opium. The first, hardly of any note as an Indian product,

thirty years ago, is now imported in the largest quantities into England; the *cotton is indigenous* to India; many provinces seem peculiarly adapted to its culture. The tobacco brought home by Dr. Wallach was pronounced by competent judges to be equal to the best from America. The quantity grown in India is enormous; very rich lands produce about 160 lbs. per acre of green leaf." "If," says a distinguished English writer, "we do thorough justice to India, we can draw from these vast and favoured regions, as the products of free cultivation—with the blessing and full requital of the Indian labourer—more than *twice* the consumption of *all* the sugar we *import*, and *more than all the cotton sent to us from the slave states of North America.*" "The valley of the Ganges," says Secretary Trevelyan, "is a tract of alluvial country of extraordinary fertility, about a 1000 miles long, and from 150 to 300 miles broad, and is capable of producing sufficient sugar for the consumption of the whole world. This valley is densely populated, and *might be given up entirely to the growth of cotton*, sugar, *tobacco*, and other

valuable productions, getting its grain and provision from neighbouring provinces."

It appears from the parliamentary reports I examined, that the importation of sugar from India has trebled in the last nine years. "I have no doubt," says the estimable Zachary Macauley, "that sugar could be produced in India, *profitably, at a penny a pound.*" Towards the end of the first quarter of 1841 the increased quantity of India sugar in the London market brought the price down to 12*s.* the cwt.*

But as the chief dependance of the Southern States is upon cotton, it is a question of more interest for us to inquire what effect the competition of the India planters will have upon this great production. This matter the South should look to. Montgomery Martin, again observes, "Cotton every where abounds; but sufficient care has not been bestowed, so as to render it, as in America, a triennial instead of

* I have recently received a letter from a gentleman in London, in which he states that there will probably be two million cwts. of sugar imported this year from India.

an annual, or on the picking and cleaning it for export. *The Decca cotton is unequalled,* and the Sea Island cotton, from Saugur Island, near Calcutta, promises to be a valuable article for export. The East India government have made several attempts for the extensive introduction of the cotton-plant in Guzerat, near the Persian Gulf, *which seems well adapted for its culture.*" Royle says "the best cotton is procured from the coast of Coromandel." A writer who has resided long in India, says, "The natural internal navigation is most extensive. There are vast tracts of land so near the Hoogly, Ganges, and other large navigable rivers, that, without the delay of making roads, the produce can be brought to Calcutta, at the moderate cost of transportation of from four to ten shillings a ton. The presidencies of Madras and Bombay likewise contain land capable of growing cotton to an *illimitable extent.*"

"Rangoon," says the London writer already referred to, "at the mouth of the great River Irawaddy, ships large quantities of raw cotton of superior quality to Calcutta and other places, which is cleaned and wrought by hand into the

finest muslins that are ever seen in Europe." This part of India, I am told by several gentlemen who have traversed it, is very similar in climate and situation to the Delta of the Mississippi, and could supply an immense quantity of cotton of the best quality. A newspaper, published at Bombay in 1839, remarks, "We have shown in a former number that, until 1830, we derived no agricultural produce *whatever* from the fertile plains of Berar (600 miles from the coast), and supplied that district with but a single article, salt, which, owing to the almost impassable state of the roads, was conveyed from this city on the backs of bullocks. In that year, one of the native salt merchants tried the experiment of conveying back to Bombay, upon his returning bullocks, some of the cotton which abounds in that country; the experiment was completely successful, and next year (1831) 10,000 loads were received from that one district by the same rude conveyance. In 1836, 90,000 loads were received from the same province; but the roads were so bad that it imposed an additional cost of 80 per cent upon its original price. The resources of that dis-

trict are so great that government have appropriated £30,000 to construct a road." They have also resolved to make a road from Bombay to Agra, which lies in the very heart of the cotton districts. Other surveys have been ordered, and it will not be long before the means of transportation by great roads will exist, wherever it cannot be carried on by water.

Herodotus tells us, that when he wrote his celebrated history (more than 2200 years ago) cotton was grown in India. It has been used for ages by the millions of that immense country, and yet some of our most respectable journals have attempted to prove that its cultivation in India "is yet a *problem!*" Secretary Woodbury informs us "that the production of cotton in India in 1791 was 150 million pounds, and in 1834, 185 millions." The secretary was as safe in making this statement, as he would have been in saying, that in some weeks more than 100 barrels of flour are shipped from the Genesee Mills. It is well known that India consumes a much greater amount herself than the secretary supposes her to raise. She furnishes cotton for her own consumption, the entire supply

of China, and a large surplus goes to England. In 1831 the imports of India cotton into England were 75,627 bales; in 1835, 116,153 bales; and in 1840, 216,784 bales. Of rice, the imports in 1835 were 66,000 bags; in 1839, 97,000; and in 1840, over 100,000! During the last nine years, the importation of Brazilian cottons into England has fallen off more than 70,000 bales; and several instances have occurred, within the last eighteen months, in which the arrival of East India cotton has materially lowered the price of the American article in Liverpool; in one instance to the extent of no less than three cents on the pound! It is a fact, too well known almost to be told again, that the Bengal indigo long since drove the Carolina article out of the market.

2. India not only possesses great resources, but the power of the British empire is being combined to develop them; and a great variety of most auspicious circumstances have conspired to produce this result. It has ever been peculiarly the policy of Great Britain to depend upon her own resources, for the wants and the luxuries of life. For a long time she has

grudgingly paid her millions every year for American cotton, and she is now determined to do it no longer. The government will afford all the facilities and encouragement possible, for the growth of cotton and of all the tropical products in her eastern possessions: her army and navy, legislation and credit, will all contribute their aid to this work. The East India Company, under their present charter, no longer enjoys that exclusive control of Indian commerce, which has enriched its proprietors in past times; and the sagacious and experienced men who control its affairs, after having carefully investigated the whole subject, have come to the conclusion turn their domains into cotton plantations, and divert into their own coffers the £7,000,000 that now flow annually into the pockets of the planters of the South. The Manchester Chamber of Commerce (an association of opulent manufacturers whose power is almost unlimited) have joined warmly in the enterprise, and will extend all the favour they can, without too great a sacrifice of interest, to the designs of the Company. The favour will be returned; for it

is understood, that the Company will do all in their power to open a market for the Manchester fabrics among the 150 millions of India.

With the keen sighted policy, which they have uniformly displayed in the management of their affairs, the Company despatched Captain Baylis, an efficient and well-qualified commissioner, to the Southern States, in the spring of 1840, to engage twelve American planters, who were perfectly acquainted with the cotton culture, to go out to India in the service of the Company, for the purpose of carrying out their designs. In this he was successful, and returned to England with his agents, who carried with them several of the most improved cotton-gins (which had never been introduced into India), and a large quantity of the best kinds of seed. The gins were set up in Liverpool while I was in that city; and parcels of India cotton, which had been imported in the seed, were submitted to the working of these machines. The result was, that while the American gin could clean 1400 pounds a day to the great improvement of the raw material, the Indian machine (churka),

with three labourers to work it, could only turn off 40 pounds. Several commercial gentlemen assured me, that the cotton was as fine as any specimens from America in the market; and yet it cost the importers less than half the price. It should be remembered, too, that it had been grown under the agriculture of semi-barbarians; had perhaps been carried 600 miles on the backs of bullocks, and transported 12000 miles, with the additional expense in freight, of being brought in the seed. As might be expected, this fact excited a deep interest among the manufacturing capitalists of England, and private speculators were soon on the alert. Prospects of making fortunes by the cultivation of cotton in India induced several opulent men immediately to embark for that country; and large bribes, I had occasion to know, were offered by a speculator to one of Captain Baylis's agents if he would enter into his employment; which, of course, the American refused.

The India mail, during the last summer, brought intelligence that this corps had reached their destination, and made a commencement

upon 1000 acres of land in the fertile district of Tinnevelly, with every prospect of success. The account also stated that arrangements were being made by the Company's servants for extending their scale of operations as widely as possible; and that large tracts of land had been purchased by private individuals for the same purpose. "Indeed," says an English correspondent of mine, in a recent letter, "India seems to be visited with a sort of cotton mania, not unlike your *multicaulis fever*."

"I have recently received intelligence from India," says Thomas Clarkson, in a late pamphlet, "that individuals are hiring large tracts of land from the East India Company, principally for the cultivation of cotton. One person has taken 60,000 acres at his own risk, and expects to *employ one hundred thousand people more than at present!*" Brother Jonathan, who is generally on the ground when the bell rings for dinner, hoping to find the cultivation of cotton "a pretty good sort of a business," has also taken up some "*small patches*" of a few thousand acres; and a number of Americans, resident merchants in India, have thrown

commerce aside for the more profitable business of planting cotton. The whole body of British abolitionists have entered cordially into the measure, believing that the success of the scheme will be the death-knell of American slavery. They have but one great object now before them—*the abolition of slavery in India;* and they believe that the general cultivation of cotton in those countries will have a tendency to overthrow slavery in America, by rendering it impossible for slave labour (acknowledged to be more expensive) to compete with the free-grown products of the British empire. The English abolitionists feel that every shilling which goes out of Great Britain for cotton, or any other slave-grown product, goes into the pocket of the slaveholder, and thereby contributes to uphold the system. This feeling is becoming almost universal in England among men of all parties; and all who take any particular interest in the slavery question are labouring with a zeal they never manifested before, in advancing the interests of cotton planting in India; and while I believe that many of them are influenced by higher mo-

tives, yet I do not doubt that feelings of hostility against the interests of the South are mingled with their efforts.

Mr. Gladstone, a church-extension, anti-West-India-emancipation, high-tory, dear-bread-loving declaimer, thus spoke in Parliament (30th of March, 1838,) "If the facts were thoroughly investigated, it could be shown that the British manufacturers were actually the most effectual encouragers, not only of slavery, but of the slave-trade itself. By what means was the slave-trade with the Brazils carried on? By British manufactures, directly imported from this country. The British manufacturer sent his cotton goods to the Brazils; these were immediately shipped off from the Brazils to the coast of Africa, and were there exchanged for human ware, which the Brazilian trader brought back." (Hear, hear.) "You," said the honorable gentleman, "who are so sick with the apprenticeship in the West Indies; you, who cannot wait for twenty-four months, when the apprentices will be free, are you aware what responsibility lies upon every one of you at this moment, with

reference to the cultivation of cotton in America? There are three millions of slaves in America. America does not talk of abolition, nor of the amelioration of slavery. It is a domestic institution, which appears destined to descend to the posterity of that free prople: and who are responsible for this enormous growth of what appears to be eternal slavery? Is it not the demand that creates the supply? and is it not the consumption of cotton from whence that demand arises? You consume 318,000,000 pounds of cotton which proceed from slave labour annually, and only 45,000,000 pounds which proceed from free labour; and that, too, while you have the means in India, at a very little expense, of obtaining all you require from free labour.

An American writer, in his communication published in London, observed, "I hope the planters of our Southern States may not be afraid to be heard above their voices in asking themselves, 'What are we to do? Can we meet this supposed change! Is it right, or politic, or profitable to continue the wasteful system of slave labour any longer?' The an-

swer of every candid man who inquires into the subject is, you cannot go on exhausting whole tracts of fertile land by this plan; moving farther West every few years, and the original plantations falling back into an unreclaimed wilderness (which is the operation at the South,) without ruining yourselves and the country also.

"I believe it can be safely asserted that, with the present costly system of slave labour at the South, the planters will not be able to stand so many chances against them. If we have been able to produce the same article with a rich soil and ingenious machinery, it does not stand to reason that other countries with the same soil (Dr. Roxburgh says, 'he never saw or heard of an Indian farmer manuring in the smallest degree a rice field; yet these fields have probably for thousands of years continued to yield annually a large crop of rice of an average of thirty to sixty fold—even eighty or one hundred have been known,') and cheaper labour, because free, may not take advantage of our improvements, and, backed by a wealthy company, and encouraged by a powerful govern-

ment, be able to defy our competition. It is not possible; it is against the very nature of our present system."

The South have considered this matter; at least, they are now beginning to see the tendency of these movements in the East. The "Cotton Circular," an able paper, put forth by a convention of planters in South Carolina, not long ago, remarks that "*The slave-holding race could not maintain their liberty or independence for five years without cotton. It is that which gives us our energy, our enterprise, our intelligence.*" The Natchez Free Trader, in copying an account of a great commercial meeting in Manchester, with reference to the growth of cotton in India, says, (I copy it as it was read in Exeter Hall, this last summer):

"It may be remembered that when Captain Baylis, of the British East India forces, came to this city in the early part of last summer for the purpose of getting men acquainted with the process of raising cotton, to accompany him to India, the *Free Trader* was the first journal to expose and denounce his plan as a

dangerous scheme to undermine the prosperity of the American planters, and ruin the sale of their great staple. In no measured terms of rebuke, the *Free Trader* denounced both those wealthy and influential planters in Adams county, who lent themselves to aid Captain Baylis in his designs, and those nine young men from the states of Mississippi and Louisiana, who sold themselves to the ancient and inveterate enemy of their native land; but at that time the acting editor of that journal knew not the whole enormity of the insidious scheme. Little, perhaps, thought those young planters and overseers when they consented to go to India, that they were to be used as tools in the unholy hands of the abolitionists!

"Of the startling fact, that the East India cotton-growing project is but a powerful organization, designed to overthrow the system of domestic Slavery in the American States, we have now the most ample evidence. This evidence we hasten to present to our readers; it is vitally important to the South, and merits all the deep attention which it will surely receive.

"The attitude of the South, in sustaining the

patriarchal institution of slavery at this moment is full of interest. England is arraying its vast moral, commercial, and political power against us. The Ocean Queen is about to work her thirty millions of white slaves and serfs in the jungles and on the plains of India, for the express purpose of rendering the labour of three millions of black slaves in America unproductive and of no value. This will be done. There is no vacillation or weakness of purpose in the English character. All India will, in a year or two, teem like a vast bee-hive with the cotton enterprise, cheered on by the fratricide abolitionists and mock-philanthropists of the Northern States. Meanwhile O'Connell, the Irish agitator, is invoked to agitate his countrymen against slavery on this side of the water, while, both in Ireland and England, his roaring voice is perpetually lifted up in abuse of the noble hearted, the independent, and the fearless Southern planters as well as the American character at large. The Kirk of Scotland thunders her anathemas against the American Presbyterians, because they will not excommunicate slave-holding church members. The

Wesleyans and the Quakers are perpetually using clerical influence against the rights and peace of our social institutions. The royal consort of the Queen of England is not ashamed to preside over the opening of a meeting, vauntingly called the 'World's Convention,' the chief business of which was to abuse American institutions—where Birney, once a slaveholder, and the negro Remond, side by side on the same platform with the highest bishops of the Church of England, and with O'Connell, lifted up their voices, traitors as they are, against their own native land; all joining in full cry against a domestic institution which has come down unbroken from the 'world's gray fathers,' the holy patriarchs with whom angels walked and talked. (Laughter, and very loud cheers.)"

You will probably smile to see the heterogeneous mass of opinions and facts I have thrown together in this letter; but nothing will strike you more, I believe, than the singular phenomenon to which the enthusiastic editor of the Free Trader alludes. I do not believe that so singular a coincidence ever occurred before as

that we now witness in the union of English abolitionists and liberals with their "old inveterate enemy," the East India Company; the most benevolent philanthropists with the most selfish speculators; levellers with monopolists, and Chartists with the throne of Old England, and her aristocracy, all ranged side by side in harmony and power to carry out a bold and grand design.

An American writer, before quoted, observes that "The two subjects connected with India, which now engross the attention of the people of Britain, are of a twofold character having opposite points. India wants from England justice and righteous protection, and a fair acknowledgment of her claims, as an integral part of the British empire. England wants from India raw materials for her manufactories, and the luxuries of coffee, sugar, and tobacco for her artisans and labourers; and, most of all, she wants an extensive market for her numerous wares and fabrics, which she can produce cheaper than any other country. These two different points of one great national question have now become the subjects of discussion

among the philanthropists on the one side, and the merchants on the other. Both are working for the attainment of their separate objects at different ends of the same chain. 'The one will civilize India by justice and religion, the other by an unfettered commerce and an improved agriculture.' Who would dare to say that these are things which the Southern people should pass by carelessly and heedlessly, and not prepare themselves to meet the coming change?"

One or two points more, need a moment's attention. There is no probability that a long time will pass away, before slavery will be abolished in British India. Many men of all parties are already united for the subversion of the whole system; and the spirit of the British people is so deeply aroused on this subject, that the government will not dare to refuse their bold demand.

It should not be forgotten by Americans, that labour is cheaper in India than in any other portion of the world; and that man's wants in that mild climate are far more simple, and supplied at a far less expense than in the United States. It is a common saying, that "in India a la-

bourer will work for a penny a day, and support himself." If this is not literally true, it is nearly so. A gentleman, who had been a captain in the service of the East India Company for thirteen years, assured me that the average price of labour throughout British India was less than *three pence a day*; and that millions were suffering from hunger, because they could not find any employment even at that price. What facilities, so auspicious, were ever before offered for the prosecution of a great enterprise! And what a glorious change will come over India, when it shall have been fully carried into effect! Freedom will soon be declared; agriculture will introduce commerce; commerce will introduce science and the arts of civilized life. The necessaries of existence she can produce from her soil, and England will supply her with luxuries. It is not too much to hope, I think, that the time is not far distant, when the millions of that mighty empire shall rise from their long degradation, and, clothed in the bright livery of civilization, take their stand among the great family of Christian nations.

But, in glancing over the paragraphs of this

letter, many a reader has said to himself, or, if reading aloud, said to his hearer, "All this looks like truth, perhaps; but the author of this book ought to know that England never will adopt a policy, which would deprive her of a customer who takes her manufactured goods, to the amount of twelve millions sterling every year. If England will not buy our cotton, she is more presumptuous even than usual in supposing that we shall purchase her manufactures."

It would impoverish England, without doubt, to lose so valuable a customer, if she could not find another. But losses are not always impoverishment; and in this case they will certainly be gains. If England loses seventeen million customers in America, she gains one hundred and fifty million in India. At the present time, the entire consumption of English manufactures in India is only a halfpenny a month for each individual; Jamaica consumes £5 a head, annually; Trinidad, £7; Cape Colony, £7; Australia, £10; India and New-York a shilling a year! Let the present plans of England be carried out, (and England is very

apt to accomplish what she sets herself about in earnest), and, at the moderate computation of 24s. a head (only one sixth as much as negroes just liberated in Trinidad consume), and you have the annual consumption in India of £180,000,000 of British manufactures.

One more item will close what I have to say about India. The planter (if he ever reads this book), will say, "Well, suppose we do emancipate our negroes? If what you have said be true, I am a ruined man! For although slavery is an expensive system, yet, with free labour, we cannot compete with cotton raised by labourers, forced to work for sixpence a day or starve!" I say, in reply, you are not a ruined man, though you should liberate your slaves; you would expect, of course, to receive compensation for them when given up; and no law, I admit, could justly demand their release without a fair compensation; and the moment you perform so wise, humane, and generous an act, you will find, by experience, the superior economy of free over slave labour. For when your labourer is free, he is an expense to you only twelve hours a day; and he will do

the same work as a freeman, for less money than he costs you now. And, during nights, rainy days, Sundays, holidays, sick-days, childhood-days, and worn-out and dying days, he is at his own expense, and not yours. And I say farther, as long as you are a high-minded and enterprizing American, who has no *cannots* or *impossibilities* in his vocabulary, you can compete with an Englishman, or any other man, who works for a quarter of the money that you will pay your affectionate *freeman*, attached, as he would be, to your person. Yes, as long as you have not Americans themselves for rivals, you can raise your cotton, and freight your ships with the great staple for Liverpool or the Continental ports, or, better than all, you can manufacture it yourselves, or bring it to the North, and we will engage to assist you. Or the wide world is open for you. Go, with the fruit of your honest enterprize, to any home of the great brotherhood of man, and God go with you. You are his *freemen*.

Besides, in any event, England must be dependant upon you for some time to come; do what she will, she cannot consummate her

East India project in *one* year. At present, you supply her with your two great staples, cotton and tobacco. And your ingenuity, your skill, your *free labour*, your easier access, by some 9000 miles, to Liverpool, and, above all, your unconquered and unconquerable Anglo-American spirit, will still give you the advantage. Give America but a fair open market, and England dreads her more than any other competitor. But continue your present system, and I fear you will gaze on the conflict, and see your spoil divided among the strong!

With great respect, I am sir,

Your obedient servant,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Utica, September 10, 1841.

DEAR ——,

IN this letter I propose calling your attention for a short time to the origin, growth, and abuse of British power in the possessions of the East India Company. I shall only contemplate the subject in some of its bearings, and particularly as it is connected with the question of slavery, in those vast and populous regions. The facts which have been brought to light by parliamentary investigating committees, by the testimony of distinguished men who have resided in the East, and, more recently, by the anti-slavery convention assembled in London, leave no doubt, on the minds of candid men who have examined the matter, that slavery not only exists to an enormous extent, but, in its most odious forms, in British India; and that the act of West India emancipation by no means exonerates the English Government from the charge of sanctioning this system.

Two hundred and forty years ago, Elizabeth granted to a company of London merchants an exclusive right to the commerce of India,

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for fifteen years; and, soon after, four merchant-ships sailed from England to the Moluccas. The privileges of this company have been successively renewed, and, from its first feeble commencement up to the present time, it has been steadily expanding its power over those immense regions, until it has at last consolidated an empire 1,500,000 square miles in extent, and embracing 150,000,000 subjects. To describe all the steps, by which they have acquired this immense empire, the struggles they have passed through, and the intrigues they have practised at home, to preserve their dominion; the unjust advantages they have taken of other nations, as well as their arbitrary dealings with the native chiefs and their people, would require *many volumes*. Of course, therefore, I can only cast a few rapid glances at the system.

The territory, over which the East India Company hold sway, is the vast peninsula of Hindustan, bounded on the north by the great chain of the Himmalaya Mountains, separating India from China, on the east by Birmah, on the south by the Bay of Bengal, and on the west by the great River Indus and the Indian

Ocean. The Island of Ceylon is also embraced in the English possessions. A short time since, Parliament published an estimate of the extent and population of the territories of British India, by which it appears that the East India Company have, at the present time, control over nearly 150,000,000 human beings. Their affairs are administered by a court of twenty-four directors, elected by the Company, who choose their own chairman and deputy chairman, and appoint salaried officers, of every description, for carrying on their immense business. This court unites with the Board of Control, chosen from the Queen's Ministry, in electing the Governor-general of Bengal, the Governors of the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay, of the subordinate dependencies, the commander-in-chief, and all inferior officers.

At each Presidency, the Governor is assisted by a council, composed of a certain number of the senior civil servants of the Company of that presidency. The most striking feature, in the government of the Company, is the vast military force, by means of which their exten-

sive dominion was originally acquired, and is still maintained. Its composition is perhaps more remarkable than that of any other army. India is bound to a foreign yoke by her own troops, paid with her own money. And, although mutinies have not been so frequent among them as one would suppose, yet several dreadful scenes of this kind have occurred, to remind their rulers that the nation which binds one end of a chain around their vassals, fastens the other around itself.

The native army attained its present strength and discipline, by gradual steps. A few Sepoy battalions were at first employed merely as an appendage to the Company's forces; while an adjutant, captain, or some sergeants, were the only English officers attached to them. With the skill communicated by these, and the use of musketry, they easily vanquished the irregular troops of the native princes. The native army now comprises above two hundred and thirty thousand infantry and twenty-six thousand cavalry, constituting one of the best equipped and most efficient standing armies in the world; all in a state of perfect discipline, and

ready to take the field at a day's notice. The Company itself has also 8000 troops levied in Europe, aided by 20,000 of the Queen's regular army.

The entire population of this vast empire is subjected to the most degrading servitude. Millions of them, it is estimated, are held in the most cruel bondage, while a still greater number are, in different forms, reduced to a condition of abject vassalage, bringing with it, in innumerable instances, a deeper degradation than any produced by West India or American slavery.

But let us consider more particularly the means by which the Company have brought, and still retain, these numerous vassal states under their control.

The first and most efficient expedient was to quarter in the territories of the native princes, with their real or apparent consent, troops maintained at their expense. They were understood to be placed there solely to secure these princes, either against foreign aggression, or the efforts of domestic rivals, without interfering in any shape with the internal govern-

ment. The presence, however, in the heart of their dominions, of a force decidedly superior in discipline and number to their own, placed the native princes, of course, under an unsuspected, but not less real control.

This point gained, the next step was to require that, instead of tribute money, the prince should cede a portion of his territory, the revenues of which should be applied to defray the expense of these subsidiary troops; and, indeed, this often became necessary, as the expense of maintaining such troops was so great, that the prince was obliged to resort to a mortgage of his lands. With this cession of land was generally combined an agreement, to intrust the defence of his borders entirely to the Company, and discontinue all political and diplomatic intercourse with every other power.

The last stage of subjection arrived, when the whole administration had to be surrendered into the hands of his foreign protectors, retaining the mere pomp and name of royalty, stripped of his fortune and liberty.

It is true, the first step was often cheerfully acceded to, and even solicited, by the prince

when his power appeared in danger either from foreign or domestic enemies. But not a long time elapsed before the yoke was painfully felt, both by ruler and people; and the native sovereign yielded up his lands only from a feeling of invincible necessity. Disturbances often arose under the oppression of this foreign interference, which could be suppressed only by an increased military force, which served still farther to augment the burdens of the people.

At last, after many hard but unavailing struggles against the diplomacy, intrigue, craft, and martial power and skill of the British, the prince, with his people, surrendered himself to the oppressive rule of this *Christian* power. This system has been practised so generally, and for such a length of time, that at last the greater part of the broad and rich lands of India have passed, from the hands of their lawful proprietors, into the hands of selfish and perfidious speculators, many of whom, from the beginning, have gone to India for no other purpose than to amass fortunes, by unjust requisitions from the Asiatic people.

Consequences the most disastrous have resulted from this policy.

Myriads of the people of India have been starved to death. Dr. Bowring, than whom no man better understands the state of the whole Asiatic world, stated in a speech delivered at the great meeting held, a short time since, in London, to relieve the wrongs of India: "We are called together to consider the interests of 150,000,000 of our fellow-subjects, and no man will feel that a mighty responsibility does not rest upon our shoulders. England has long held the sceptre over the millions of India; but what has she ever done for these but to rob them of their rights? We boast that we are a civilized, a religious, an instructed nation; what, of all these blessings, have we conferred upon India? The inhabitants of that fine, that noble country, are not to be compared even to the Swiss upon his bleak and barren mountains. We are a large commercial country; but we have never extended the humanizing and civilizing blessings of commerce to India. This is an agricultural nation. What a picture does India present!

possessing boundless tracts of land, with every shade of climate, fit for the best productions of the earth, yet men, perishing by thousands and hundreds of thousands from famine.

"We have boasted of our religion—I do not mean the form and words which too many consider to be the essence of Christianity—have we imparted any of it to the natives of India? No, alas! we hear much more of the complainings of those poor natives than of their gratitude. We profess to be a well-governed nation, and well acquainted with the principles of liberty, which we highly prize; but we have not given that liberty to India. We have not even made *justice* accessible to them. I see the evidence of all this before me, in the persons of these men (alluding to five plenipotentiary commissioners from India, who sat on the platform, dressed in the costume of their nation), who have come thousands of miles as suppliants, I believe, up to the present time, unsuccessful suppliants, for JUSTICE. So far from imparting commerce to India, we have ruined that which she commenced before. It

is not many years since India supplied almost every European nation with cotton cloths: now, by the improvements in machinery, we supply her with our fabrics."

It is said that, in 1837, a famine in India swept off half a million of people, and that it was brought on *chiefly* by taking from the population the produce of their soil, to fill the coffers of the East India Company. It is well known, indeed, that multitudes starve to death every year in India, owing to the terrible land-tax.

Another mighty evil has been inflicted upon India; and it has grown almost entirely out of this oppressive system. During these famines uncounted multitudes SELL THEMSELVES AND THEIR CHILDREN INTO SLAVERY for bread, to prevent their dying by starvation. Mr. Colebroke, in one of his celebrated mimutes on the subject of East India slavery (Parliamentary Papers, 138, 1839, p. 312), states that, "The government permits parents and relatives in times of scarcity to sell children." "The numbers of slaves continually diminishing, a demand constantly exists

for the purchase of them, which is supplied chiefly by parents selling their own children in seasons of scarcity and famine, or in circumstances of individual and peculiar distress."

He also says that during one of those seasons, in the Solapoor and adjacent districts, parents, being unable to support them, either sold or deserted their children, and that some of them were seized, carried off, and disposed of to the best advantage. What a picture is here represented!

One of the most distinguished statesmen in England, said to me the other day, "I have no doubt that upon inquiry we should find these appalling evils and calamities, of which we hear so much, are to be traced far more frequently to the impolicy of the East India Company, than to the Providence of God. India is the slave of England, sir." And it should not be forgotten, that millions suffer continually there, in all parts of the country, from hunger, which is relieved by just food enough to keep them from actual starvation.

. It makes but little towards the justification of England in this matter, that immense fortunes are continually amassed in India by Englishmen, who go there only for money. Many fortunes have indeed been made, at the price of childrens' blood and mothers' tears. Every day I meet with gentlemen who, after spending a part of their lives in India, have returned rich.

I suppose, however, this matter is hardly open to the criticism of one who is no political economist; and I presume that the principle, which seems to prevail so extensively with the English government, of paying those men best who are of the least service to the country, is to be taken as one of the wise provisions of this wise and venerable monarchy! There is more truth than jesting in Bulwer's saying, "We pay best, 1st. Those who destroy us, generals; 2d. Those who cheat us, politicians. and quacks; 3d. Those who amuse us, singers, and musicians; and, least of all, those who instruct us."

British rule has not only sanctioned the Hindu and Mohammedan systems of sla-

very, but also the enslavement of multitudes of free and innocent persons, and that of their posterity after them, by means of which the slave population has been vastly increased. It has countenanced the unrestricted sale of slaves, belonging to persons subject to their authority, in which the tenderest ties of social life have been totally disregarded, and by which an extensive system of kidnapping has been created, with all its attendant horrors.

The free importation of slaves into India from foreign states has been permitted, by which their number has been greatly augmented, and an external slave-trade actually encouraged. "Thousands of free persons," says Mr. Macnaughten, "are at this moment living in a state of hopeless though un-authorized bondage."

In regard to the *treatment* of slaves in the East Indies. On this subject Mr. Garling, a resident councillor in Malacca, says: "Before I can believe that the slaves here are treated humanely, I must cast from my mind the remembrance of the cries which I have heard,

and the mental degradation, the rags, the wretchedness, the bruises, the contused eyes and burns which I have witnessed; I must blot out adultery from the calendar of vices; I must disbelieve the numerous proofs which I have had of obstacles opposed to regular marriages, and the general humiliation of females. I must put away every idea of the modes of punishment, of which eye-witnesses have given me account, and the short jacket must no longer be deemed a badge of slavery. In addition to the domestic discipline to which slaves are subject, we find such punishments as the following ordered by the police magistrate: 'Chimpu, twelve lashes with the ratan, and to work on the roads in irons for a period of six weeks; thereafter to be placed at his master's disposal:' offence, false accusation. 'Si Surra, one dozen stripes of a ratan, and to be worked in irons on the public roads for one month:' offence, impertinence and idleness. 'Tom, sentenced to receive three dozen lashes, and to work on the public roads in irons for six months:' offence, absconding. 'Salip, slave boy, to receive

eighteen lashes of a ratan :' offence, running away.' ' Tulip, being a notoriously bad character, and not having yet the wounds healed of the punishment inflicted on him on Monday last, is sentenced to be flogged on the posteriors with eighteen lashes of a ratan :' offence, stealing from his brother. Toby ' is directed to be punished with one and a half dozen lashes :' offence, insolence."

Perhaps there is no feature in the whole system so painful to contemplate as the *degradation it brings upon woman.* It is said, there is no part of the world, where slavery entails so many direful consequences upon females.

The Duke of Wellington observed, in his speech against Earl Grey's bill, for the abolition of East India slavery, " Though I entertain no doubt whatever that slavery does exist in that country, domestic slavery in particular, to a very considerable extent, yet I would be careful how I interfered with the matter. I know that in the hut of every Mussulman soldier, in the Indian army, there is a female slave, who accompanies him in all his marches ; and I would recommend your lordships to deal

lightly in the matter, if you wish to retain your sovereignty in India."

But there is another matter that seems to be worth a moment's attention. Mr. Ricketts (who certainly ought to know something about the matter) says that there are 20,000 adult Anglo-Indians in Bengal alone. An Anglo-Indian is one sprung from a European father by a native mother. They are said to be very beautiful, which one can easily believe; and they are all somewhat educated—2000 of them highly. They have lately addressed several memorials to the British Parliament, painting in strong colours the hardship of their situation; enjoying neither the privileges of Europeans nor Indians, to both of which they consider themselves entitled by blood.

I was yesterday making some inquiries about these things of a gentleman, who has spent a considerable portion of his life in India, and I think you will be startled at some of his statements; but you can rely upon their truth. "I have been long in India," said he, "and my connexion with the Company was such that I had good facilities for ascertaining the state

of things there. The licentiousness which prevails is shocking in the extreme. Most of the English employés go out there unmarried; and such is the social state of India, that it presents strong temptations to young men connected with the military, civil, and medical professions, and the great mass of them indulge in the most vicious and abandoned habits.

"I have seen it stated that there are in India fifty thousand persons whom we call Anglo-Indians. I can only say that I believe there are nearer five times that number. Why, sir, you can have no conception of the extent of these evils; and it is insufferable that such things should be permitted. An army cannot move in India, without working the destruction of virtue and the degradation of woman."

I should not have believed this without pretty good evidence. It seems too horrible to be true. "But this world of ours has grown so bad," says Isaac Barrow, "that it requires great power of *credulity* to doubt a a man's word, when he would tell you some new thing about iniquity."

There are some persons who pretend to say that even the Imperial Parliament, whose power is supreme, has no *right* to abolish slavery in the East Indies: "It is a civil, a social institution; a matter of caste; something which had its origin in Hindu and Mohammedan legislation." But neither the Board of Control nor the Court of Directors have any scruples about sanctioning the abuses of which I have spoken, they seem to think they can invade the homes of 150,000,000 of the Asiatic people, and unceremoniously deprive them of their "unalienable rights:" all this they can do, and violate no law!

What has *Christian* England for the last 240 years done for *heathen* India? This is a question worthy of a moment's consideration, from a man who, in this busy, selfish world, has time and humanity to think about the souls of nearly one quarter of the great human family. Bishop Heber says, that "Among those who, from the principles of infidelity, or from the absorbing influence of wordly pursuits, felt little immediate concern in religion, and who, in the acquisition and consolidation of power

amid the half-civilized votaries of idolatry and imposture, were tremblingly alive to the danger of offending them by the too prominent profession of a pure faith, it may be easily imagined that no effort would be made." And for a very long time, no effort *was* made. *Heathen* India was of as much service to England as would have been *Christian* India, and perhaps more; for besotted idolators will more passively wear the chain.

It will be remembered that, in the beginning of the last century, the King of Denmark, Frederic IV., established a Christian mission on the Coromandel coast. Bartholomew Zeingenbalgrus and Henry Plutche, educated at the University of Halle, landed in India, in 1705, and commenced their labours. George I. of England, Archbishop Wake, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, then recently established, united heartily in the work; the mission constantly receiving accessions of strength. In 1750 Christian Frederic Swartz, a man whose name will be always honoured, sailed for India to join this mission. I have only time casually to allude to this truly apos-

tolic man. For nearly fifty years, he devoted himself untiringly to this great work, and "his equal has never," says the North American Review, "appeared on the shores of India. What Heber might have been, had he lived, we know not."

Much honour is justly awarded by the civilized world to the English Baptists, whose learned and assiduous labours, in the effort to Christianize India, commenced in 1792. In October of that year, a few Baptist ministers held a meeting at Kettering, in Northamptonshire, and resolved to form a Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. These honest but poor men raised *fourteen pounds* on the spot; no great sum, to be sure, but worth to India far more than its value on "'Change." But contributions flowed in from all parts of England, and in a few months the Society was enabled to send out two missionaries. The choice, by peculiar good fortune, fell upon Thomas, and Carey, two good men and true. They were enthusiasts, the world would say: well, call them so. I honour an enthusiast of this stamp: such men are required to pioneer

any great enterprise. It is said, that when the two missionaries were introduced to each other for the first time, as colleagues in this noble design, they could not refrain from shedding tears.

In 1801, they published the New Testament in the language of Bengal. The Marquis Wellesley did one thing now worth more than all his victories. When Carey was struggling on, under the embarrassments of poverty, Wellesley appointed him Professor of the Bengalee and Sanscrit, in the College of Fort William, with a salary of £1500. This mission has lived, and will live. Those men, to say nothing of their grammars, dictionaries, &c., have translated and published the whole Bible in the Sanscrit, Bengalee, Hindu, Mahratta, and Orissa languages. The New Testament has been published by them in twenty-four Indian dialects; and it is an interesting fact, that 100,000,000 idolaters in India can now read the words of Christ in their own tongue.

No one, who is familiar with the progress of Christianity in Asia, can think of India without recalling the name of Claudius Buchanan.

A writer in the North American Review observes, that: "The first serious, decided, and persevering attempt to awaken public attention of Protestant England, was made as late as 1805, by one who has not inappropriately been termed the Apostle of the Indies. During the century in which they had been acquiring their Oriental empire, the British East India Company, intent on the pursuits of commerce and ambition, and contending frequently not only for aggrandizement, but for existence, were but little at leisure to attend to the moral and religious claims, even of their own European servants, much less to consider those of their native subjects. But, to the eye of Christian observation, the matter always appears in an aspect which takes its character more from the lights of eternity, than from any views of short-sighted worldly policy; and it is not surprising that a subject so grand in itself, and so intimately connected with his own profession, should have early occurred to the mind of such a diligent and wakeful observer as Mr. Buchanan."

Buchanan tells us, with great candour, that

a word which once fell from the good Bishop Porteus on the subject, first inspired him with the purpose of devoting his life to the enlightenment of India. Dr. Buchanan made an appeal to English Christians, on the claims of India, which awakened public sensibility in Great Britain to such a degree, as had never been witnessed before in a similar cause.

On the 22d of June, 1813, Lord Castlereagh proposed, in the House of Commons, the formation of an ecclesiastical establishment for India. The measure was carried in the Commons by a large majority, and in the Lords without opposition. The Company's charter, which was about to expire, was again renewed. The Crown established a bishopric, and soon afterwards Calcutta was erected into a bishop's see. The learned and pious Dr. Middleton was first selected to fill that important station. He fell a victim to the climate in 1822, after eight years of active and holy exertion.

Reginald Heber was appointed his successor. It is a painful fact in this world's history, that the career of such men is almost always short. The heathen poet spoke Christian truth when

he said, "They become so much like celestials, that the gods take them home." One of Heber's biographers has used the following beautiful language, in speaking of his death: "His sun was in its meridian power, and its warmth most genial, when it was suddenly eclipsed for ever. He fell, as the standard-bearer of the Cross should ever wish to fall, by no lingering delay, but in the firmness and vigour of his age, and in the very act of combat and triumph. His Master came suddenly, and found him faithful in his charge, and waiting for his appearing. His last hour was spent in his Lord's service, and in ministering to the humblest of his flock. He had scarcely put off the sacred robes, with which he served at the altar of his God on earth, when he was suddenly admitted to his sanctuary on high, and clothed in the garments of immortality."

The other day, in conversing with a friend of Mrs. Opie, I ascertained that the following tribute to Heber's memory was written by that celebrated lady:

" Here hush'd be my lay for a far sweeter verse;
Thy requiem I'll breathe in thy numbers alone,
For the bard's votive offering, to hang on thy hearse,
Shall be form'd of no language less sweet than thy own.

Thou art gone to thy grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy refuge, thy ransom, thy guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death has no sting, since the Saviour has died."

Much good has resulted from the labours of the church missionaries; though it may well be doubted, if the peculiar forms and ceremonies of the Established Church are best adapted to the religious want of a rude and uninstructed people. It is well known, too, that other Christian missionaries, in India, have never experienced too much toleration from the religious Establishment there.

The London Missionary Society have made noble exertions in India, and they have met with great success. But I am inclined to think that no men who have gone into India as missionaries, have laboured with greater zeal, or with more success, than those who have been sent from America. The first missionaries

went from the United States to India in 1812. The operations of the American Board of Foreign Missions are confined to Ceylon and Bombay. They have thirteen stations, twenty-five American missionaries, six churches, and more than ninety schools, numbering nearly 4000 scholars. In addition, they have several presses, from which they distribute large quantities of Bibles, tracts, &c.

The American baptist missionaries have also laboured there with great zeal and success. Some of the most brilliant examples of Christian heroism and firm endurance have been exhibited by American women, who have gone to aid in evangelizing that great continent. We all remember the beautiful memoir of Mrs. Judson.

But several causes have contributed to obstruct the progress, and weaken the influence of all these missions—causes but little appreciated by the Christian world.

1. Until 1812, the East India Company not only gave no encouragement to missionaries to labour in India, but actually opposed their efforts. They knew that the Hindoo and Mo-

hammedan superstitions, which had existed for ages, would not suddenly give way to the pure doctrines of Christianity; and, fearful of everything that might in any degree disturb the quiet of their empire, were careful not to arouse the inveterate prejudices of the natives, by any interference with their religion. Indeed, it is stated that in many instances heavy taxes have been imposed upon the natives by the Company for the support of heathen temples, and even Juggernaut, for the purpose of strengthening the British rule. Nor are the cases few in which the authorities have united with the idolaters, in undermining the influence of the missionaries.

Bishop Heber observes that, "Many of the adventurers who come hither from Europe are the greatest profligates the world ever saw; men whom nothing but despotism can manage, and who, unless they were really under a despotic rule, would insult, beat, and plunder the natives without shame or pity. Even now, *many instances of insult and misconduct occur.*"

2. The very existence of the present system of British rule in India presents a perpetual

and insuperable barrier to the Christianizing of that country. How little likely are the natives to adopt our religion, when many of the representatives of a Christian nation among them pay so little regard to justice. It does not require the keen-sighted perception of a Hindoo to discover the glaring contradiction between the lives of Englishmen there, and the pure and benevolent spirit of the missionary and his faith. These considerations would alone fully account for the slow progress of Christianity in India.

3. But there is still another obstacle to the spread of Christianity, not only in India, but in all portions of the pagan worlds, of which it gives me pain to speak. I refer to the sectarianism of the missionaries; and I speak of it with the greatest pain; for I do not love to blame those self-denying men, who have been willing to exchange the friends, the literature, the happiness of an English or an American home, with all the sweet charities of domestic life, for the dark abodes of idolatry. How does their zeal contrast with ours, when we hear their prayers to send them, of our wealth,

sufficient to provide for them the common necessaries, to say nothing of the comforts of life, yet shut our ears to their cry? But I have felt this matter most deeply, and I must allude to it.

There is, in fact, I believe, far less sectarianism, among missionaries, than among those who send them; and in illustration of this, we have only to look over Great Britain and America, and enumerate the hundreds of sects, and listen to their strifes, controversies, and bickerings. Still, the missionaries are by no means free from this unhallowed spirit; and the heathen is not so blind but that he can see how repugnant to the precepts of Christ is the very *existence* of sects. Christ declared that a kingdom divided against itself could not stand.

The heathens find two missionaries among them, from England or America, to teach the same great system of faith—belief in the same Saviour, and preparation for the same heaven; and yet the Baptist spreads the Lord's Table, and forbids his brother to come to the feast! Perhaps his brother has come from a distant station, and called to take him by the hand,

and rest a while in his house. They will pray together, weep together, and appear to love each other; but they cannot sit together at the great Christian Feast. Will the Hindoo call this *caste?* or what?

A fact was related to me by a missionary who had been several years in India, which is in point. "I had," said he, "baptized by sprinkling, a native in India, and he seemed to understand the nature and feel the power of Christianity. Being obliged to leave my station for a while, a Baptist brother, at my request, came to take charge of my school during my absence. On a certain occasion, he was conversing with the native to whom I allude, on the subject of baptism. Ascertaining that I had performed that rite upon him, the Baptist entered into an argument to convince him that he had not been baptized; that, whatever I might have said, he could be sure that he had not been baptized; and that, if he would be saved, he must be immersed. The poor heathen shook his head, saying, 'Ah! Boodah is a better God!' and returned to the embrace of his idols. I saw him after this, and told him that

I would immerse him if he chose; for I considered the form of baptism of little consequence. But he replied, 'I can't tell who speaks the most wisely; though I am certain you cannot both have the same religion.'"

It is well known that the Baptist Church in America, after many bitter complaints, has seceded from the American Bible Society, because they would not print a new edition of the Bible, and change the phraseology of those parts which speak of baptism!

The Established Church have good bishops and ministers at their missionary stations, but they deny the validity of all other ordinations. They tell the heathen, that the Scotch or the American Presbyterian, or Baptist missionary, is no minister; no ambassador of Christ; has no right to administer the sacred ordinances of the Church. It makes the heart sick to contemplate these things. The pagan looks on, and more firmly adheres to his idols.

Can it be expected, either, that the heathen will perceive any beauty or divinity in a religion, which, by the practice of Christian nations, must appear to them to sanction the

highest crimes and abuses ever perpetrated on earth? Christ commanded his followers to love their enemies. Christians destroy their enemies by war, and gibbet them upon the gallows. God says, all souls are mine. Christians have trafficked in the souls of men no less than the heathen world. The Bible declares that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God. Intemperance costs England and America several hundred millions every year. But it is needless to enumerate the vices of Christendom, and I should not have alluded to the subject at all, except to account for the slow progress Christianity has made in India.

[But the days of East India oppression are numbered. Until recently, very little has been known in England of its extent and horrors. The facts, however, which have been collected, and diffused over England, within the last year, have aroused the British people, and they have risen in their might, determined to overthrow this gigantic structure of wrong. Dr. Lushington, not less from the deep interest he takes in promoting the general freedom and happiness of mankind, than in compliance with the

urgent solicitation of the reforms, has assumed the conduct of this great question in the House of Commons; and he will be supported by the whole Liberal Party in Great Britain. Success attend the effort!

At present, when we look at India, we see 150,000,000 human beings, natives of the most productive climates on the face of the earth, who ought to be in prosperity and comfort, and under the British banner enjoying freedom, but who are actually in a worse condition than that of slaves, and rendered beggars by oppression.]

Faithfully yours,

The reader, if at all acquainted with the history of India, and its present state under the British rule, will not fail to observe that the author's philanthropy has led him to adopt a tone of great exaggeration in the foregoing letter. He attributes sins to the government with which they are not fairly chargeable, totally omits all the benefits due to their efforts on many points for ameliorating the condition of the natives, and severely blames them for not doing that which was impracticable, viz, altering, at once, the institutions of a country with 150,000,000 of inhabitants, by eradicating slavery, which constitutes a most stiking element in their social condition.—ENGLISH ED.

*To —— Esq., of New York.*

London, 1843.

Sir,

I have been told that, some years ago, you lived in one of the elegant houses of L—— Place; sporting your coach and four, with servants in livery; made a turn-out in Broadway every evening at six, for the special benefit of the street-gazers of all characters and no characters at all, who crowd this great promenade; that you were the leader of fashion, the "lion" of every party "up town;" gave the finest entertainments New York had ever seen, with the new and superb attraction of theatrical dancers and musicians; that you were in our world of fashion the "observed of all observers;" in fine, a sort of second, but not improved, edition of Count d'Orsay.

It is understood that this *was* your reputation just before the "Specie Circular" made its appearance. But since that great era in the history of American finance, you have, in

some very mysterious way, disappeared from the *bon ton*, and left your post of honour to be filled by some other personage, who like yourself, shall be able to flutter in the plumage of "folly's giddy throng," so long as his credit lasts; and then, like his illustrious predecessor, take a house in Greenwich-street, and measure off tape behind a counter in Maiden-lane.

I have also been told you have been heard to say, that you "had rather be invited to Almack's once than to be president of the American Republic." I believe, however, that your wish has never been gratified, to mingle in the splendid circles of those rich saloons; and since you think so much more of Almack's than you do of the presidency, I thought it might be grateful to your feelings to hear a word about it; so that, if the glorious days of universal credit should again appear in our land of liberty, you may be able to establish an Almack's for New-York. My observations in this letter will be of signal advantage to you, in carrying into execution so philanthropic a design; for the "American London" would rank you for ever among its benefactors,

if you should perform so distinguished a service for its circles of fashion and rank.

A few evenings since, after being present at a musical *soirée* at Lord ——'s, as I was passing through King-street, St. James's, I heard two gentlemen conversing about the last ball at Almack's. I had often heard of Almack's, but I knew very little about it. Since then I have, from various sources, gathered the following information concerning this "Temple of Fashion."

It is a place where the very soul of enlightened society centres; where the most splendid and noble, of the noblest aristocracy, of the noblest and most enlightened nation of the earth assemble; where the spiritual and ineffable quintessence of the sublimate of fashion, refined from the clarified essence of wealth and rank, is collected in one hot and luminous focus. It is, in fact, to London, what London is to England, what England is to the civilized world; a place, in short, to which the most ancient and honourable nobility look with reverence; nobility, whose ancestry can be traced back in one bright chain of fox-hunters

to the Norman conquest, or the times of the Saxon Heptarchy; for this is an establishment to which age and old time must do honour; the very temple, and, as it were, the most holy place of fashion.

How many robes of passing splendour have swept over the threshold of this sacred tabernacle, none can tell. For nearly a century now, its halls have been illustrated year after year, with all that England could crowd together of brilliancy and opulence. Nothing low, or vulgar, has ever approached the hallowed verge of its consecrated precincts: *Procul! O procul! este profani!*

There are mysteries here, not to be gazed on by common eyes: a few Starred Sibyls (looking marvellously like English females, with the yellow hair of Saxony yet on their brows) have established certain unearthly rites and ceremonies in King-street, St. James', to the full understanding of which none but the titled elect are admitted; and who are required to live sublimely apart from the rest of the world, from which they are separated by a barrier, as broad and impassable as the Sahara Desert.

The happy few, the priestesses of the temple, exercise an absolute authority over all its affairs, and are unbending in the execution of their decrees. The proudest and most ancient titles cannot avail against them; for they, too, have received their authority from prescription. Their favour is worth more than all other honours, for it comprehends these and unspeakably more. To be admitted to Almack's is to be above all solicitude for character, titles, or wealth; for admission here presupposes all these, and, moreover, is of itself so vast an elevation in public consideration, that all others may at once be lost sight of and forgotten.

The Ladies-Patronesses are themselves beyond the reach of envy, and hold their authority by a tenure which can neither be disputed nor dissolved. They are the divinities to be propitiated by all who would meet with success or consideration in the fashionable world. Their power is suspended over the heads of all, and they can in one moment strike from the galaxy of fashion the brightest and loftiest luminary there; and even this, all but the fallen will approve, for it serves only to purify

and refine the circle whence they have been taken.

When once precipitated from this eminence, nothing which they have can avail them in their disgrace; the trappings and stars of ancient nobility have lost their lustre, and reflect but a flickering ray, compared with the brilliant light and éclat issuing from the saloons of Almack's. These female divinities, who hold the scissors, and sometimes the thread of fate, designate those who are to succeed them in their sacred functions; and as one of their number is fading away from existence, they look for some happy mortal to take the sublime seat she is just about to exchange for the "narrow house." In short, when one of the six elderly duchesses, countesses, or marchionesses, happens to die, the remaining five fill up the void; and thus the priesthood, or, rather, the priestesshood, lives on in a sort of corporate immortality; and the long life of the establishment is made up of the odd fragments of the lives of divers ancient females, who, by Fortune's favour or by electioneering ar-

tifices, have been elevated to preside over this University of West-Endism.

It cannot be said, indeed, that these appointments are always made without contention, rivalry, and heart-burnings; this would be too much to expect, even of the divinities of Almack's enchanted halls; since the honour is so high, that none but the tamest and most ignoble spirits would be wanting in ambition to aspire to it. Where the fate of the present, and, perhaps, a succeeding generation of fair ladies and dashing beaux is made subject to, and dependant on the favour of a Synod of six Ladies-Patronesses, who would not wish to be a sharer in such fulness of power, and thus be placed beyond all the evils of life?

When a seat becomes vacant by death, a struggle worthy of so great a prize commences; and among the remaining five, bitterness and reviling do sometimes make their unholy way. One cannot give up the suit of a "very dear friend," whose face she has long hoped to see in effulgence and honour, at "the board of Red Cloth." Another has formed fond anticipations of seeing the companion of her early

life raised to the sacred office, which she herself now fills, and doing honour to the associates with whom she would then mingle.

In short, each one has her antipathies and preferences, and is anxious to secure for her *protégée* the vacant seat; whence originate suspicions and jealousies, rivalships and backbitings; whence come artifice and intrigue, and the marshalling of every motive of fear, interest, love, resentment, and ambition, that can possibly weigh upon the suffrages of those who are to decide. It would be unfair to regard their deportment, on these momentous cocasions, as indicating their general character What though words of dark and dubious meaning do sometimes escape from their lips; and what though coarse epithets should, in moments of trial, be liberally applied to the characters of these staid and haughty regents; yet such are but occasional outpourings, and doubtless only introduced to fill up the vacancies and interstices of sublimer contemplations.

Of course, they who would insinuate that such contentions and rivalships do always

secretly exist, but are never visible except on these great occasions, do so of their own unadvised foolhardiness and malice aforethought. These guardians of the sacredness of fashion's circle have enough to do, in keeping perpetual vigils, that none invade their halls who have not passed the purifying ordeal. To them is committed the keeping of the golden fleece; and they are to guard it with a wakefulness which no power of herbs can ever lull. Those gifted with such small accomplishments as nature can bestow, apply in vain for admission here, unless they have some more powerful talisman to enforce their claims; there must be titled rank, and rank untarnished by poverty.

This, you will say, is all delicious! It is, indeed. It does your republican heart good, I doubt not, to think there is one place where the favoured few are above the reach of those low vulgarities which infest the dead levels of democracy.

And what think you, dear sir, is done within the precincts of so much exclusiveness? Why here the great, or, rather, the favoured ones,

become accustomed to each other's society; there being no other enterprise on earth worthy the attention of the English aristocracy, they, like wise men, have created this object of ambition to prevent their noble faculties from rusting out in the coarse and trivial pursuits of ordinary life. They must have something to do; for even noblemen and kings have not yet succeeded in taking out a patent for a *happy* do-nothing profession. So they busy themselves first in gaining admittance at Almack's, and then in luxuriating upon their hard-won honours.

After days, and nights, and weeks, and months of management and anxiety, with trembling hands and fainting hearts, they send up to the awful scrutiny to the *Judgesses* their respectful supplication. I think you cannot but envy the delectable state of their feelings—the flutterings of hope and fear they now experience.

The oracle is not long silent; the responses, inscribed on triangular billets, are scattered, like Sibyls' leaves, among those whose fate they are to decide; and then there are smiles, and

self-gratulation, and rejoicing, and exultation with some; and frowns, and tears, and disappointment, and rage with others.

Dear sir, can you conceive how it is possible to live after being rejected? It is very certain that ordinary eating, and drinking, and sleeping, and breathing, are not the chief essentials to life; for the smiles of the rich and the Almack-favoured are worth more than all these, for the purposes of living, at least good-living, to the applicants of this ineffable Court. To the young and ambitious, among the gay and opulent of London, rejections comes like a sentence of banishment from the very light of life. All other places of fashionable resort are regarded as only faint and wretched imitations of this sublime original. More than one instance has been known of such rejection producing death, by the rupture of a blood-vessel in some exquisite young lady's bosom (perfectly horrible, you will say!); or a fate little less painful has awaited the angelic-disappointed, of fading away by the slow poison of chagrin and gloom. Young gentlemen, when overtaken by this dreadful calamity, it is said, generally blow

out what brains they have with a pistol, or, in failure of this, devote them to the less romantic end of writing poetry!

In a spacious saloon, with all the unostentatious elegance which wealth, rank, and taste can bestow, is assembled, beneath brilliant lamps, and reclining on voluptuous sofas, the cream of all the beauty and gallantry of England. Precious stones are flashing in the light; and bright eyes sparkling, and flushed cheeks glowing on every side. Here a whisper of musical voices is heard in the soft murmur of confidence; and there words of gallantry, and flattery, and gentleness insensibly melt into sighs.

Forms of chiseled gracefulness are gliding about; and when the sound of music begins to creep over the scene, swelling and dying away like the breath of evening, light footsteps are heard just audibly to rustle, and fairy fingers, floating on the waves of the mazy dance, beat softly to the pulse of melody.

The young and blushing countess is fluttering by the side of the dashing captain; and ever and anon, as her white hand touches his,

a thrill of delight passes over her form. There, a boy, who would be esteemed awkward if he had not lately come to a dukedom, is blundering and swelling before a proud beauty, whose heart rebels against maternal injunctions, and spurns with contempt, the clumsy attentions of her vain admirer; and by their side a graceful *Premier* is moving gallantly to the voluptuous waltz, of a high-born, youthful duchess. Yonder is a *prudent* mother, whose schemes in providing her daughter with an advantageous settlement have all been frustrated, and in whose guarded countenance jealousy and chagrin are but half concealed. Here glances by the form of a young marchioness—and such a form!—swelling with exultation and triumph as she bears away from her tearful rival a young and gallant fortune.

In this place is never heard the sound of loud mirth and hilarity; all is gentle and regulated; every motion is subdued; and whatever it be, it is expressed on the countenance only by a smile. Here every one is bent upon conquest; and every avenue in the heart is guarded with unrelenting severity. I scarcely

need tell one so familiar with the gay world as yourself, that all this is necessary.

But still, there are scenes here occasionally, which in other assemblies would excite something more than a smile. Around the dancing arena, a rope is drawn for the purpose of preventing encroachments upon those within, not very unlike what you may have seen in your plebeian days at a menagerie; and the "perfumed courtiers" lead their exquisite partners into the ring, as in the afore-mentioned days you may have observed the Shetland pony led in by Dandy Jack. It sometimes happens in the flush and excitement of the *gallopade*, (for the gallopade and waltz are now the only things danced at Almack's; though Lord Byron, whose moral tastes have never been condemned for their purity, thought the waltz should be banished from virtuous society), that cases are not unfrequent, in the full tide of the dance, of the more spirited beaux dashing themselves carelessly against the rope, and by the rebound being thrown prostrate upon the floor.

This, of itself, would be but a slight mis-

fortune, but it is often followed by others of a more serious nature. Those nearest the fallen dancer are not always able to stop themselves at once upon the polished floor, and frequently numbers of young ladies are either dragged down by their companions (for it is proverbial that a sinking man will hold fast to a *trifle*), or stumble over those already fallen.

Here, then, is a delightful scene for the staid gravity of the assembly: duchesses, marchionesses, captains, dukes, and premiers, all huddled together in one grand promiscuous pile of rank and beauty. Slight screams are heard; and blushes, and smiles, and tears are seen confusedly mingled on the faces of the scrambling unfortunates. Some hitherto slighted rival exults in the sudden shame of her tormentor; while the fallen ones retire from the ring in the deepest mortification and chagrin. The music, arrested for a moment by the confusion, now breaks forth again in voluptuous softness, and the rustle of flying feet begins again to steal upon the ear.

Such scenes as this are at times witnessed in these famous saloons, whence the severity of

elegance has banished all ostentation of wealth. The simplicity of the entertainments excludes all idea of luxury, and almost of comfort. Of course, gaudiness is not tolerated here, for that is something, which those who have no other recommendation than mere gold (a vulgar thing) can put on. But it is not the society or the intercourse, which gives value to an admission to this circle: the very *fact of admission* is all that is prized, as this is a tacit award of eminence in the world of fashion. It is a sort of test to try the purity of nobility, whether it be the unalloyed ancient metal, or only a showy compound of modern times. It separates the former from the latter by a broad and plain line of distinction. The young and the sanguine are here brought together, and matrimonial alliances are rarely formed out of the exclusive circle in which they move. Thus is an aristocracy refined and perpetuated, which has but little sympathy with the rest of the world.

Like all establishments claiming for themselves peculiar superiority, Almack's has been many times violently assailed. It exercises, in fact, an authority really more oppressive and

unjust than any the throne ever dares to assume. It shuts out hundreds and thousands from the standing and consideration to which they are justly entitled in society; and so omnipotent is the tyranny of aristocratic opinion, that its seal of disapprobation, once fixed upon the name of an ambitious aspirant, disgraces and obscures him in the circles of fashion for ever. Of course, all the jealousy and rancour of disappointed ambition are arrayed against it; for such as can never share in its honours are deeply stung by its contempt.

So deeply have certain persons felt this galling yoke, that a combination has even been contemplated, for the purpose of breaking its power by parliamentary interference.

But do not suppose, dear sir, that this indicates any advancement of the coarse principles of democracy among *these* parliamentary reformers. Oh! no; it proceeds from a very different motive to this; they wish to rend, because they cannot rule the halls of Almack's. Besides, it was soon discovered that the Imperial Parliament was itself one of the chief supporters of Almack's; and it felt that any

innovation upon so venerable an institution was an invasion of the time-honoured prerogatives of the English aristocracy.

The power of legislation is sometimes directed to sad purposes; and although in this instance the evil is doubtless enormous, yet we can hardly suppress a smile when we hear legislators talking seriously about turning the supreme power of a mighty nation into a regulator of fashions and master of ceremonies. Destroy Almack's! The fair ladies who are so happy as to resort thither have woven their charm for too many noble lords and right honourable members of the House of Commons, ever to be disturbed by "an act entitled an act to abolish the right of certain distinguished families to associate, waltz, gallopade, and tumble in the ring with whomsoever they please."

Indeed, it is an institution which addresses itself to a strong principle of the human heart —the *vanity* of man; and although it may make thousands wretched, thousands more will hope on for its favour and the flattery it brings. It can never be abolished until Englishmen

shall lose their reverence for rank, and scorn the idea that a few distinguished ladies should hold in their hands all the means of human enjoyment; until they shall learn to esteem other consequence than such as ease, titles, and idleness bestow, and to honour only those who add something to the stock of human intelligence, and make the world better by their influence; OR, until a quarrel, which cannot be hushed, shall involve the whole establishment in ruin.

Woman was the last and most perfect work of God. But if she came from the hand of the Creator the sweetest, she is also capable of *becoming* the *sourest* of all beings. It happily is not often we find her in such *imperfect* state; and for this we should be thankful. But should the lovely divinities of Almack's enchanted halls ever have the peace of their "Board of Red Cloth" broken by a serious contention, this gorgeous temple of fashion will come down with a crash that will be a warning to the exquisites of all future generations. If Almack's ever falls, "great will be the fall thereof."

It may not be unpleasant to you to contemplate a somewhat different scene.

When I left Lord ——'s it was twelve o'clock. I hurried on through Hyde Park, and found an omnibus standing before Apsley House (the Duke of Wellington's), waiting for passengers for the East End. A thick fog hung over London, and a storm seemed to be coming on. The night was dark and gloomy. By the light of a neighbouring lamp I perceived a lady in the omnibus, who was not only unattended, but there was no other person in the carriage.

Her face, on which the lamp shone brightly, was as pale as marble; but her features were very beautiful. She was handsomely dressed. There was a look of deep distress on her countenance; such a look as we never forget after it has been once seen. The large blue vein on her forehead swelled out as if ready to burst. We rode on for a mile through the streets, now nearly deserted and silent, without speaking. In the presence of what appeared to me such great anguish, I could not think of words I dared to utter. In the light which shone in

from the lamps as we passed along, her face wore an ashy paleness; and on that face there was an expression of such utter loneliness and desertion, of such evident sinking from rank, and prostration of earthly hopes, that I needed but one glance to convince me, that she had fallen from the gay and heartless circle of fashion.

I ventured to ask if I could render her any service at that late hour. She replied, "Oh! sir, whoever you are, for God's sake don't speak to me; I only want to die; you can't help me now."

As she uttered these words she burst into tears. We rode on in silence, broken at intervals by her sobs and sighs. We passed through Temple Bar and reached St. Paul's, where I intended to get out. But I was determined to go as far as the omnibus went, if necessary, to know whether my fellow-passenger was a maniac or who she was. When we came to the bank, the coachman stopped and inquired where we would get out. Again I asked if I could render her any assistance. "Yes, sir, you can, if you have any pity. Let me get out

anywhere. I care not where I go if I can only find some place to lay my head in."

I assisted her in getting out of the omnibus. She fell as she stepped down, and I caught her with one arm and her—*child* with the other. This new born infant was wrapped in a Cashmere shawl—its only swaddling clothes. The mother asked me to lead her to a place where she could sit down—the omnibus drove on; and not a human being was in sight. Near by was a flight of stone steps, upon which she was scarcely seated when she fainted away.

There was no lamp near us; it was past one o'clock; the rain had begun to fall heavily upon the pavement, and, save the feeble cry of the infant in my arms and the distant rumbling of the omnibus, no sound could be heard. I shouted for a policeman, knowing that one could not be far off, and down the street I heard his answer, followed by the heavy, quick fall of his foot.

I inquired for a boarding house. He said we must pass down two or three streets towards the Thames to find one, and he would assist us in our search.

"I will carry the lady," said he, "if you will spread this India-rubber cape (a garment which all policemen wear when it rains) over the child, and take care of it."

I spoke to the mother, whom I had raised from the step when she fainted, and had supported till now; and, as she partly recovered, the first words she spoke were, "Oh! where is my child—my child? Oh! God of heaven, has he stolen my child?"

I told her the child was safe in my arms, and protected from the rain. "Oh! then give him to me." She seized the babe, and, pressing it closely to her heart, asked us to leave her. I said, "We will take you to a house where you will be comfortable."

"God bless you," she answered, "if you will."

She consented to let me take the child, and we hurried on through the storm to a place of shelter. We were met by several policemen, each of whom stopped us until he received the countersign from the one with us. At last we reached the house, and, after ringing the bell several times, the door was opened by a

servant. We made known our business, and were admitted to the hall. The lady of the house was called, and engaged to furnish accommodations for the young mother. She took the child from my hands, and I paid her charges for a week, and turned to leave the house with the policeman.

The mother called me back from the door and said, "I can only thank you, sir. God bless you—God *will* bless you for this."

We left the house. As we entered the street the rain was falling heavily, and violent gusts of wind dashed by, with that dismal moaning sound which is never so mournful, even in the wild woods, as in the dark solitude of a large city late at night. But still, this was less dreary than the scene we had just left; and a load fell from my heart, when I once more felt the night tempest sweeping by me.

I asked the policeman who he thought the lady could be. "Why, sir," said he, "there is no knowing, of course, with certainty; but did you see how she was dressed? and notice how she spoke? I suppose she has been ruined by some heartless fellow in Regent Street. There

are thousands of girls that are; and then they come to the City and starve to death, or die of neglect and privation. From one extreme to the other, this is the way with the London world. For my part, I am satisfied with the lot of a policeman."

I inquired if she could not be relieved by one of the Charities. "Well, sir," said he, "we can do our best; but the Charities are all crowded. I have made three unsuccessful applications for persons in distress within the last two days. But, if you will write something about this case, and let me take your letter, the chance will be fair."

I engaged to address a letter, the next morning to the City of London Lying-in Hospital, City Road, or any other London Charity. The policeman promised to call for the letter at nine o'clock. By means of these exertions this unfortunate mother received assistance; but her child died the night she came from the West End.

I laid myself down on my pillow that night worn out with fatigue. But too many confused images of the gay halls of Lord ——; of

the revelry and splendour of the West End; and of the extreme suffering and wretchedness of that ruined female in the dark and dismal streets of London, crowded upon my fancy to let me sleep.

In one night I had seen the two extremes of a London life—opulence, gaiety, fashion, and song in the palace halls of an English nobleman; and the abject and hopeless misery of a broken-hearted female, who had fallen from such a circle, to fill a grave dug by strangers in the Potter's Field.

Such is London—the West End and Spitalfields—a nobleman and a beggar—revelry, mirth, beauty, and fashion—a maniac victim of seduction with her dying child—such is London.

Believe me, sir,

Yours, &c.,

*To the Hon. John Quincy Adams.*

London —, 1840.

SIR,

YOU are one of the few illustrious men of a past age whom the kind Providence of God has still spared to our country. In childhood I was taught to respect your name; and in after years, as I have seen age gently laying its hand upon you without any of its infirmities, that feeling has grown into reverence.

As I design to speak of some of the distinguished public men and the present political aspects of Great Britain in this communication, I know not to whom I can so well address it as to one so familiar with her past history and present condition as yourself.

For a long time no very deep interest has been felt in the affairs of the British empire, except by our statesmen; but circumstances are now transpiring which have turned the at-

tention of our whole country directly towards them.

In every age England has had some bold and generous men, who have resisted the encroachments of the crown upon the rights of the people; but it is lamentable, after all, to think that she has made no greater progress in the path of popular liberty.

One class of her reformers, as Sir Harry Vane, Hampden, Sidney, Raleigh, and Russell, have fallen martyrs to freedom on the field or scaffold, or have dragged out a miserable existence in dungeons. Another class, in the zeal and impatience of reform, have plunged their country into revolution and bloodshed, under the mistaken idea that the sword alone could vindicate the cause of freedom.

But the sword has yet done comparatively little for liberty: power, thus far, has almost always been on the side of oppression and wrong, so that it has seldom been safe to trust the interests of freedom to the terrible chances of battle. Witness Greece and Carthage in the time of Scipio and Mummius. After Liberty had taken her flight from the world at

Philippi, Brutus exclaimed, "Oh! Virtue, not thou, but Fate rules below," and fell upon his sword.

We read painful stories of the Huguenot wars. We weep over the fall of the lovers of Liberty who were butchered in the Valleys of the Vaudois, or who fell under the walls of Warsaw. Liberty has come off victorious from many a well-fought field in modern times, it is true. England saw this in the North, and Spain and Portugal in South America. Even Haytien negroes have won their way to freedom, albeit with a "bloody axe." Greece, too, is partly free; free, at least, for ever from the power of the Crescent. But, until the glorious example of our own Revolution, freedom had generally lost more than she had gained in battle. Still, Bacon says, "It is better to fail in striking for so noble a thing as liberty, than not to strike at all; for reformers never can die." The memory of martyrs is one of the safeguards of human freedom:

"E'en in their ashes live their wonted fires."

It is said, that when the Bohemians heard

of the martyrdom of their beloved Huss, the nation armed as one man, and, fired by deep revenge, poured themselves over Germany. Ziska, their chief leader, after losing his eyes in battle, like the Black Knight, went to the field and defeated his enemies; and so wild and strong was the enthusiasm which his name inspired, that after he was dead (1424), his enemies still trembled at the sound of his skin formed into a drum: so true it is that "Reformers never die." But few instances are on record, however, in which Victory has declared for the friends of truth. It is better to trust to her "Celestial Armour."

Another class of English reformers has been *bought up* by the Crown; a peerage, a judgeship, or the like, has been the price of their tergiversation, or, at least, of their silence. You may have seen some months ago a beautiful steamer lying idly at the Albany docks, day after day, and month after month. She could run well, was in fine order. Why unemployed? *She was hired to lie still.* She carried passengers to New-York for half a dollar; the old liners, for two dollars. A

steamer, which runs for money, will *stop running* for money. Now, the traveller pays his two dollars, and wishes the Diamond was making her trips.

England has ever done her best to buy up those men who seek to secure liberty for her *home* subjects. She has no objection to their working as hard as they please for the oppressed in foreign lands—none at all. She and her aristocracy will not only applaud the effort, but join in it. Prince Albert gives 100 guineas a year to the "African Civilization Society;" the object of which is to improve the condition of Africa, and thus put an end to the slave-trade; as though the article of slaves would not be supplied as long as a market exists.

But the moment an Englishman of some note begins to talk and write about the sufferings of English people in this island, there is a great disturbance in certain quarters. He is a man of too much consideration to be transported; and, in fact, has committed no crime. He is too bold to be intimidated by a *threat*; perhaps too rich to care for money; too popular with the mass, who are, after all, the

grand constituency of the throne (Charles I. and James II. found them so), to be made odious. But is he absolutely invulnerable. Surely he has a weak point somewhere, and the ministry can find it. He is *ambitious.* He is made Lord-lieutenant of Ireland; Governor-general of Canada; an East India judge, or what not; and he is safe. He is *canonized*—enrolled among the ecclesiastico-politico-aristocracy of Old England; and you hear no more of the reformer. This is the way the people of England lose their supporters.

"True," you say, "but the people of England have lost nothing; he never was a true friend of theirs, or he could not have been bought. Luther was not to be hired, like the steamer, to *remain still*; neither was Vane, nor Russell, nor Cromwell, nor Hampden. Such men have a message from God, from Liberty, from the friends of humanity who are dead, and they must deliver it."

This is quite true; but it is a sad thing, withal, for liberty to lose even men who can be bought; if they are worth buying they are worth keeping; even the man who has his price

is worth something; he may fight; sometimes such make the very best fighters. Did ever a man rush to the battle with greater daring, or deal stronger blows upon the rampant British lion, than Benedict Arnold, even while cherishing in his heart the purpose to betray his country? Did Nero, like a fiend, exult over the conflagration of Rome, more than did Arnold, when from the belfry of a steeple he saw New-London wrapped in flames of his own kindling?

The early friends of Arnold, his school-mates, his neighbours, his old familiar companions, who expired on that ill-fated day by the sword or the flames, thought, doubtless, the friendship even of a man who could be bought worth something. Yes, England has lost many such; and liberty to this hour bleeds for their defection.

But then, she has had some reformers, who could neither be transported, hired, bribed, intimidated, nor sent to the Tower. Yes, England has always had a few men who could never be made to betray their country; and without them she would not have been what

she now is. These men have had charge of the precious treasure of liberty, and transmitted it, like the torch of science, from age to age. The greatest of them all was Oliver Cromwell: with all his faults, bigotry, enthusiasm, or whatever you please.

The greatest in our times *was* Lord Brougham. It is the general opinion here of those, with whom I have conversed, who seem to have a pretty good knowledge of affairs, that Brougham has sacrificed his principles on the altar of a British peerage. Reformers, I am told, have lost nearly all their confidence in him. The aristocracy never have had *any* confidence in him until *very recently*. He has too long been committed on the popular side; has dealt out too many heavy blows upon the ancient nobility. His defence of Queen Caroline, his speech on the Durham clergy, his course in the Lower House while he was yet Henry Brougham; all this will not be soon forgotten.

Brougham must be aware that he has gone too far ever to retreat. He has halted and deviated already, just enough to *shake* the confidence of *all* his friends, and *utterly to destroy*

that of many. When a great reform measure comes up in Parliament, all eyes are turned on Brougham; they expect to see him open his batteries like a citadel of Liberty. But he sits crouched in his seat. All wait; still the oracle gives no response. He sees the vote passed which takes away the freedom of the people; but *he is silent.* It is said he is *hired* to keep quiet: not that the aristocracy make up a purse for his lordship—this would be too gross even for such a man as Arnold—but the thing is managed in some way. He is brought by his peerage into a circle where it is for his *interest* to take a course which wounds the cause of liberty—a course which he never would have taken, had his great heart been free from the trammels of the aristocracy. At any rate, he has disappointed all his friends; and the Conservatives, I was told by an ex-minister, "*like him better than they used to do.*"

A few words more as to this extraordinary man. It has been pretty generally conceded, I believe, that Brougham has had no contemporary rival whom he had any reason to fear. There is but one man probably in the world

who could match him. One would like to see Brougham and Webster enter the lists; it would be a scene of intellectual gladiatorship such as this little earth has seldom witnessed, I ween; somewhat like the meeting of two terrific thunder-clouds in mid heaven: or, to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, like the battle of the Kilkenny cats, "who left nothing of each other but the tails." Hayne was no match for Webster; Canning no match for Brougham.

He would be a weak man, I think, who would venture to close in with either of these champions, unless he had *all the truth* on his side; for truth is stronger than Brougham or Webster; and, indeed, than a host of such men.

Some years ago Brougham was described in comparison with Canning, in the following language. The author of this parallel has, I believe, never been known. I will quote a part of it, leaving out so much as refers to Canning. It is a painting of these great rival orators, when, in the early part of the session of 1823, they sat glancing hostility and defiance at each other.

"The personal appearance of Brougham seemed stern, hard, lowering, and almost repulsive. His head gave sure indication of the terrible power of the inhabitant within. His features were harsh in the extreme; while his forehead shot up to a great elevation, his chin was long and square; his mouth, nose, and eyes seemed huddled together in the centre of his face—the eyes absolutely lost amid folds and corrugations; and while he sat listening, they seemed to retire inward, or to be veiled by a filmy curtain, which not only concealed the appalling glare which shot away from them when he was aroused, but rendered his mind and his purpose a sealed book to the keenest scrutiny of man: his passions remained within, as in a citadel which no artillery could batter, and no mine blow up; and even when he was putting forth all the power of his eloquence, when every ear was tingling at what he said, and while the immediate object of his invective was writhing in helpless and indescribable agony, his visage retained its cold and brassy hue, and he triumphed over the passions of other men by seeming to be wholly without passion himself.

"His whole form was angular, long, and awkward; and when he rose to speak he stood coiled and concentrated, reckless of all but the power within himself—a being whose powers and intentions were all a mystery, whose aim and effect no living man could divine. The more hard and unmouthable his words and periods, the better; he proceeded like a master of every power of reasoning and of the understanding. His modes and allusions could be squared only by the higher analysis of the mind; and they rose, and ran, and pealed, and swelled on and on, till a single sentence was often a complete oration within itself: but still, so clear was the logic, and so close the connexion, that every member carried the weight of all that went before, and opened the way for all that was to follow after. His style was like the concave speculum, scattering no indiscriminate radiance, but having its light concentrated into one intense and tremendous focus: he turned himself round in a spiral, sweeping the contents of a vast circumference before him, and uniting and pouring them onwards to the main point of attack.

"When he began, one was astonished at the wideness and obliquity of his course; nor was it possible to comprehend how he was to dispose of the vast and varied materials which he collected in his way; but as the curve lessened, and the end appeared, it became obvious that all was to be efficient there.

"Upon that occasion," (when Brougham was to commence his attack upon Canning and his ministry), "his oration was at the outset disjoined and ragged, and apparently without aim or application. He careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or in which principle had been sacrificed for the vanity or lucre of place; but still, there was no allusion to Canning, and no connexion that ordinary men could discover with the business of the House. When, however, he had collected every material which suited his purpose; when the mass had become big and black, he bound it about and about with the chords of illustration and of argument; when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of

a giant and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus might be the more tremendous; and while doing this, he ever and anon glared his eye, and pointed his finger to make the aim and the direction sure.

"Canning himself was the first that seemed to be aware where and how terrible was to be the collision; and he kept writhing his body in agony, and rolling his eye in fear, as if anxious to find some shelter from the impending bolt. The House soon caught the impression, and every man in it was glancing his eye fearfully, first towards the orator, and then towards the secretary. There was, save the voice of Brougham, which growled in that under-tone of thunder which is so fearfully audible, and of which no speaker of the day was fully master but himself, a silence as if the angel of retribution had been glaring in the face of all parties the scroll of their private lives.

"A pen, which one of the secretaries dropped upon the matting, was heard in the remotest parts in the house; and the *visiting* members, who often slept in the side galleries during the debate, started up as though the

final trump had been sounding them to give an account of their deeds. The stiffness of Brougham's figure had vanished; his features seemed concentrated almost to a point; he glanced towards every part of the House in succession; and sounding the death-knell of the secretary's forbearance and prudence, with both his clenched hands upon the table, he hurled at him an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more torturing in its effects, than ever has been hurled at mortal man within the same walls.

"The result was instantaneous, was electric; it was as when the thunder cloud descends upon some giant peak; one flash, one peal, the sublimity vanished, and all that remained was a small pattering rain. Canning started to his feet, and was able only to utter the unguarded words, 'It is false!' to which followed a dull chapter of apologies. From that moment the House became more a scene of real business than of airy display and angry vituperation."

I saw Lord Brougham at his house in London, and heard him converse some time. Mr. Birney was appointed by the committee of the

Pennsylvania Hall of Philadelphia to present his lordship a snuff-box (as we all supposed), which had been made from the ruins of that magnificent edifice. A company of Americans then in London were invited to accompany Mr. Birney on his mission, not to see the snuff-*box*, of course, but the snuff-*taker*.

That same morning I happened to be in the room with a very zealous American, and, before we started for Lord Brougham's residence, he requested me to kneel with him in prayer, for "he had a weighty matter on his mind, about which he wished to seek Divine direction." This was all proper enough, I thought, and perfectly agreeable to my feelings; and if it had not been so, I would have yielded from respect to him.

The burden of the prayer was, that the philanthropists of America had so far forgotten their principles and the spirit of Christianity, as to present a snuff-box to Lord Brougham, "thereby encouraging a vice second only to slavery and intemperance."

He prayed, with a fervour worthy of a better cause, "that *we* might be directed what course to take: we wished to see Lord Brougham,

but we did not wish to countenance iniquity."

I certainly could not join very heartily in this petition, for I did not see that it met my case at all, since I was going, as I before said, to see the snuff-taker, and not the snuff-box. After a good many hesitations and scruples about the path of duty, curiosity prevailed, and the anti-tobacco brother started with me for his lordship's house.

We were introduced into a lofty and ample sitting-room; the walls were hung with a few fine paintings of distinguished men, and in the corners of the room were the marble busts of four great American statesmen, standing upon pillars of Egyptian marble: Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and the elder Adams.

Lord Brougham appeared in a plain dress; we all rose; he came forward, and requested us to be seated. After some general conversation, Mr. Birney mentioned the commission with which he was charged, and produced the snuff-box, which had, by some strange metamorphosis, been turned into an—inkstand: a slight mistake my friend had made; and I could hardly

avoid bursting into a fit of laughter when I observed the incident.

Mr. Birney discharged his mission, making an appropriate and sensible speech, though rather too highly spiced, perhaps, with compliment. Lord Brougham at least manifested some impatience, and twisted himself about in his chair.

He replied in a very familiar way: "I do not know, gentlemen, when I have experienced more pleasure and satisfaction than in receiving your deputation. I feel the deepest interest in everything that relates to your great and free nation: I have for many years watched the workings of your institutions, and I know of nothing that is likely to offer any effectual hinderance to the progress of the United States, except slavery. Its existence and its enormities in the very heart of your glorious republican country is, perhaps, the greatest anomaly on the face of the earth. I have kept my eye upon the progress of the anti-slavery question in America from the beginning. I have received and read your publications of every description, and I must say that several things surprise me.

"One is, that the most effective opposition to the abolitionists comes from the North; the second is, that Congress has dared to outrage the great principles of the American government, the rights of man, and the humanity of the world so violently, as to refuse to give anti-slavery petitions a hearing; and the third is, that the American people will endure so tamely to be robbed of their rights.

"Why, gentlemen," said he, as he rose from his seat, under a sudden burst of enthusiasm, with a flashing eye, and a deep scowl on his face, "the veriest slaves in Europe would not submit to that; it is the last right tyrants have ever dared to take away; the last the people have ever been willing to surrender. But then you will get along with that; send in your petitions; don't be disheartened; your Congress won't refuse you much longer. It will soon be unpopular to do it; and then, of course, they will desist.

"The last thing I was going to speak of is the estimation in which the American abolitionists are held at home. They may say, if this conversation goes out to the world (and I

have no objection that it should), that I have read but one side; and every one knows that it is impossible to form an accurate estimate of any party from their own papers and documents. But I have read both sides; indeed, *all sides. I am not deceived*; and it is a great blot upon American character, the treatment which the anti-slavery party have received from their fellow citizens. Why, gentlemen, there is no body of men on earth, and there never was, whom in my heart I honour more than the abolitionists of the United States. They are an incomparable body of men: they have braved danger, and what is a more difficult matter, they have sacrificed popularity and personal aggrandizement, and surrendered every consideration, to say nothing of the peril of life in advancing their cause. I honour them, and from my heart I pray God to bless them.

"Yes, as far as my name will carry the smallest amount of influence, let it be known that I revere and love the American abolitionists. You have seen the darkest crisis you will be called to pass in the history of your

enterprise; you will experience no more violence, I trust. Whatever extravagance the reformers may have exhibited in the heat of early enthusiasm, is passing away, and giving place to a more firm and settled purpose to work the deliverance of the bondsman. That wild spirit of rancour, with which you have been greeted by the ultra and the bigotted among the other party, is fast disappearing; and it will not be long before the whole nation will calmly and honestly address itself to the great work of overthrowing so dangerous and odious a system as American slavery. You can work reforms safely and surely, because the mass of your people are intelligent; they understand more or less the merits of every great political question; their reason and judgment can be reached; their passions can be appealed to with safety; and when the principles of reform have been diffused by your two thousand presses, broad-cast over your land, the hearts, the consciences, and the reason of the people will achieve the work.

"You are a noble people, and slavery with you is like a blemish upon a magnificent

painting: there may be a thousand beauties there, but the eye is attracted by nothing but the blemish. American tyranny, if it do exist, must of necessity be the most odious tyranny on earth. Your back-ground is all so fair, that one blemish, one defect, one foul blot like slavery, destroys the effect of the whole.

"You perceive, gentlemen, that you cannot convince Europe you are right. You are arraigned before the bar of the civilized world for your conduct; and you can neither exculpate yourselves nor escape the trial.—I have not spoken anything in anger: I only say these things in grief. Would to God you were quite rid of the system. No reasonable limits could be assigned to your influence upon the European world; upon the forms of oppression and tyranny which exist here, if you would only be true to yourselves. Philanthropists in the Old World have always borrowed hope and encouragement from America. For many years our mouths were shut, when we pointed to the United States for a living illustration of the position that man was capable of self-government, by the cry, 'Let us not form our

opinions too hastily. The Democratic principle has not yet had time to produce its legitimate effects.'

"That cry has been silenced by your complete success; and how the true friends of popular rights and American Democracy are met, wherever they go through Europe, with an argument which closes their mouths effectually: 'Look across the Atlantic if you would see republicanism. Every sixth man, and woman, and child is enslaved; and reduced from citizenship, and the inviolable and inalienable rights of man to chattlehood. Away with your Democracy. Give us the protection of a throne and the liberty of a peasantry.'

"But then a man must have read the world to no purpose, who cannot see no uncertain indication from the signs of the times, that the days of American slavery are numbered."

All this would have come with much better grace from Henry than from Henry *Lord* Brougham. I have tried to give the substance of his conversation on this subject, and as nearly as possible his language. I took it

down in short-hand on the spot, and wrote it in full, an hour afterwards.

Lord Brougham is a mass of electrified nerves. He can neither sit nor stand still many seconds. You would think, to see the spasmodic contortions of his features, that the making of grimaces had been his profession. He has a habit of twitching up the sides of his face by a violent muscular contraction, and, almost every successive moment, there appears some new and strange alteration in his physiognomy. I think a dozen accurate portraits might be taken of him, all of which would differ from each other and from himself except at particular times. There are some expressions of his countenance which would defy all skill except that of Daguerre; and this mysterious and beautiful process would do nothing for Lord Brougham's phisiognomy, except upon the one-second plan; for he could not keep still more than one, or, at most, two seconds.

Lord Brougham, with all his genius, learning, and fame, is after all, an illustration of the weakness of human nature in its best estate. I was told that the reports so current some years

ago, that he had fallen into intemperate habits, were true; that he did drink wine excessively. It is understood, however, that he has recovered from these habits, and is now perfectly temperate.

Lord Brougham has retreated from that high ground of reform which he once occupied, and inflicted a deep wound upon Liberty; not by any violent or outrageous act (this is not the way such men show their defection) but by a want of sympathy for those great principles which he so long defended. In his conversations, and occasionally in his speeches, he displays the same bold, free, republican spirit for which he was once so distinguished; but when the party with which, in his better days, he cooperated, tally around the old banner under which they achieved the Reform Bill, Brougham is no longer to be found among them. The Whigs have leaned upon him for support, but he has proved to them a broken reed.

There is one consideration, however, which affords them satisfaction. He will not be likely to oppose them when they are called to mount "the deadly imminent breach;" and he cannot

undo what he has already done. English tyranny has received heavy blows from his strong arm, from which it never can recover; and his words and his works have gone forth among men, and are now mingling in the great stream of popular rights, which is sweeping away the old foundations of oppression all over the world.

But there is one man in Great Britain who has done, and is still doing, more for humanity than Lord Brougham; one who has been long in public life, taking a part in every question which has agitated the empire for a quarter of a century or more; who is always found on the side of the people; who has never tripped, halted, varied, or shifted his course; who has made more public speeches than any other man now living, and always spoken like a Republican; who abhors oppression with all his heart; who has been hated, courted, and feared (but never despised) by every party; a man who has been a target for all Britain to shoot at for a whole generation; who will be bound by no trammels; who is eternally, and with a zeal which never grows cold, demanding justice for all the subjects of the British empire. You will most

likely burst into a loud laugh when you see his name—DANIEL O'CONNELL.

But I trust you will not be frightened. "Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear."

Six months ago I should have been quite as much inclined to call the man crazy, who should have written the above paragraph, as I should to have adopted his opinions. I have never been so entirely mistaken in any estimate I ever formed of a man's character as in the case of O'Connell. He has been generally regarded in America as a bold and reckless demagogue—an orator, it is true, but gifted only with a sort of cut-throat blackguardism, which would be in good taste if it fell from the lips of a highwayman. But all this is *fudge!*

No man is prepared to appreciate O'Connell who does not remember that all his speeches are made for Ireland. He cares very little about their effect in Great Britain. Englishmen cannot disturb him by their criticism. He knows that his dominion lies in Ireland; and every word he utters is addressed to the Irish heart.

I doubt not O'Connell weighs well his words before they escape him. If he is vulgar, scurrilous, or abusive, it is not owing to the excitement of the moment; it is because he has certain ends to answer, and he chooses these means for their accomplishment. He is too old, too wary, too wise to suffer himself to be borne along at the mercy of excitement he cannot control.

No, Daniel O'Connell may seem to be imprudent; and sometimes, to hear him speak, you would think him wild with passion. But I have heard him use language on a certain subject in private conversation which sounded not a little strange, and repeat it several times with great calmness! and an hour afterwards I have heard that same language break forth from his lips in a public meeting, like a spontaneous explosion. It seemed harsh, rash, and extravagant at the time; but he had arranged, and digested, and weighed every word of that speech, before he entered the assembly where it was uttered. Indeed, I have been often able to anticipate the drift of his speech, by hearing him converse a short time before it was made.

His time is so continually taken from him by visitors who call for purposes of business, friendship, or curiosity, that he is very often obliged to prepare his speeches during these conversations.

I wish to say a few things more about this singular man. I have seen much of him: heard him converse a good deal; listened to more than twenty of his public speeches; and all this has enabled me to form, I think, a correct opinion in regard to his character.

He is now, it is said, about sixty-four years old; but he certainly does not seem to be more than forty or forty-five. He is at least six feet in stature, and has a full and majestic person: he wears a handsome wig, and dresses with great simplicity. On all occasions he has entire control over himself; his manner is always perfect, because it always suits the occasion. He knows how to stir up the enthusiasm of a company of wild Irish Sans culotte peasants, as well as ever a troubadour knew how to draw music from his harp; and in doing it would most likely offend the taste of an English "exquisite." He knows full well, too, how to chain the attention of Parliament, or a

great meeting in Exeter Hall, by the deep, rich music of his voice, keen Irish wit, classic diction, and elegant address.

He likes better to make an Irish speech, I fancy, than to talk to Englishmen; for he is fond of dealing in sledge-hammer arguments, irony and sarcasm: and he plays the barbarian with no little native grace.

"Come," said Lord —— to John Randolph of Roanoke, "now let us go into the House and see the bear dance" (referring to O'Connell). "By all the gods on Olympus," said Randolph, as he met his lordship after adjournment at the bar of the House, "I never saw such dancing from bear or human kind! It's worth all the rest of the menagerie (and begging your lordship's pardon), House of Lords to boot."

O'Connell has always been regarded with some suspicion by the Whigs, and, of course, the Tory party have done all they could to blacken his name; and while it is generally acknowledged that there is no man in Great Britain who can command the same influence, yet here are many of the reformers who have not entire confidence in his integrity.

They say, "Let us wait—we cannot tell—he may, after all, turn out a bad man—his race is not yet fully run."

This has been the cry from the time he first entered into public life. From all sides the clamour has been, "We shall see."

Yes! you *have* seen for the better part of a life-time; how much longer time do you require? He has outlived one generation an honest man, and he must be a great fool (which never has been laid to his charge) to throw off the cloak of hypocrisy thus late in life, even if he has been acting a part; and he wears it so gracefully, it seems to have been made for him or he for *it*; for there is certainly a wonderful fitness.

No! I fancy if O'Connell even be a hypocrite, it never will be known in this world; when *this* Junius is dead, not so much as one man will have the secret; it will die with the Great Orator. Oh! no; it is too late now. If ambition has ruled him in the past, even this will keep him consistent, as he must know it is his only safeguard for the future.

It is currently said, that as men grow gray

they grow wise. O'Connell is already *beyond* gray hairs. Ten years ago he used this language in speaking of himself, at a public dinner given to him as he was leaving Dublin to take his seat in the House of Commons for the first time. It was all prophecy *then;* it is all history *now.*

"I go to Parliament with more of the hatred of the enemies of the people arrayed against me, than perhaps any other man who ever entered that Honourable House. I never spared the oppressors of Ireland; I never permitted them to repose upon a bed of roses, but threw in as many nettles as I could. My next qualification for Parliament is, that I enjoy the affections and confidence of a considerable portion of my countrymen; and this is an animating consideration, a spirit-stiring consolation. What is it that could induce me to tarnish the humble fame I have acquired? What earthly price could tempt me to be untrue to the people? 'Not all the wealth of Indus' could bribe me for one moment to desert the cause of Ireland. I am bribed already by my own strong affections and attachment to my native land; and I shall go

to the House of Commons the honest, uncompromising, although the talentless advocate of the people. Among the Whigs there are at present some excellent men; but some of them are mere Tories out of place. But I shall go to Parliament without caring twopence for the Whigs or three halfpence for the Tories.

"I know I shall be assailed with bitter and unrelenting hostility, and in more shapes than one. Here I have been recently assailed by the pecking of sparrows and the nibbling of mice. But the opposition, which I shall meet in the House of Commons, must be of a more dignified description. In that House I shall have no caste or party to lose. I shall go against all castes, whose objects are inimical to the interests of the people of Ireland. I shall be in more minorities than perhaps any other member in the Honourable House. I shall, according to the newspapers, be often put down; the leading articles of eight or ten different papers will concur in stating that last night O'Connell was completely put down; but the next packet will inform you that the same O'Connell is upon his legs again.

The objects of my public efforts shall be to render life and property more secure and liberty more permanent; to put down every species of oppression, misgovernment, and misrule.

"I have now arrived at that period of life, when I am declining into the sear and yellow leaf. My children have grown up about me; my grandchildren are beginning to prattle; but yet I feel that I have sufficient physical force to work energetically in the public service. I left this city on Wednesday afternoon, travelling down to Kilkenny that night. I was up at five next morning in the frost and snow, and proceeded to Carrick, and from thence took a circuit through the county of Waterford. During the four days of my absence, I made no less than *seventeen public speeches* to the people, and yet I returned back to Dublin with undiminished health and vigour.

"I am the first Roman Catholic capable of entering Parliament, for a century and a half. The Protestants shall learn from my course, that I prize their interests and rights as highly as I do those of my Catholic brethren. I only

allude to the distinction between Catholics and Protestants to show that, in political matters, no difference exists. Then let us all, as true-hearted Christian Irishmen, unite together in one firm and mighty determination to rest, not day nor night, until we have achieved the political redemption of our own sweet land. Let us prepare ourselves for defeat, for we shall meet with it often; but we will cheer ourselves with the hope that each defeat will bring us nearer to victory."

It would be a difficult matter to show, that O'Connell has ever violated his pledge to the people. It is nonsense to talk about his insincerity. The Argus-eyed world have watched him warily for many years: a trap is laid for him, a mine is prepared every day; but when it is sprung, he is some fifty leagues out of the way. He has come off victorious so many times, that, at least, no man can dispute his wonderful power.

After he had forced the House of Lords to vote against their own interests in rejecting the Irish Tithe Commutation Bill, throwing them between the horns of a fatal dilemma by forc-

ing his amendment into the bill; the Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, that he was the greatest man England had seen since the days of Oliver Cromwell.

If this was spoken at all, it was uttered in reference to his having maintained his ascendency so long over Ireland, by the great power and versatility of his talents.

An American gentleman, whose name is known to as many people as that of almost any other living character, gave me in writing a conversation he had with Arthur O'Connor in France in 1831. It is well known that O'Connor had the blood of kings in his veins, and might have been king of Ireland, had the rebellion succeeded.

"I have no acquaintance with O'Connell," said O'Connor to his American companion, in the French diligence. "I was driven from Ireland in 1794; but I think I know Irish character, and I have watched O'Connell long and anxiously. I have fastened my hopes for Ireland, in a measure, upon him; but I have been afraid of him, I confess. If he does not accept office, title, or emolument under Earl Grey or

the Whigs, I think he will prove himself invulnerable in truth, for they will ply him with temptation. We have but a few instances on record, in which such men have not had their price; for, when they have raised a great deal of dust and excited much popular commotion about the people's right, and have become sufficiently conspicuous to be annoying to the English Government; large official bribes have generally been able to silence their clamour, and expose them, in the latter part of life, as violators, in their own persons, of all the principles by which they gained their ascendancy. O'Connell has been tempted already, and he will be tempted again. If he now resist all the blandishments of power, in the shape of official distinction, he will take his station among the few great, incorruptible men of the earth, and will ultimately, liberate Ireland. How many men who began well have at last been wrecked on the shoals of royal favour, and become monuments of their own disgrace! If the people were only as acute in their discernment as they should be, such men would be monuments, for ever afterwards, of public derision and

profound contempt, both to those who bought them and to those who were sold."

There is great wisdom in these words of the exiled O'Connor. O'Connell has always been a sort of an Ishmaelite: "his hand has been against every man, and every man's hand against him;" but an Ishmaelite, withal, in whom there is no guile.

At an early period he cast his anchor into the sea of popular rights; and he has never attempted to weigh it, and moor himself in any of the snug harbours of royal patronage. His self-respect and love of great principles have sustained him, against the collected power of the British empire, which has not wealth enough to purchase his defection from truth, or to silence his defence of it; nor strength enough to drive him from his proud and dizzy height of controversy.

At one period of his life, while he stood, almost single-handed, fighting the great battle of Irish rights, he fell within the meshes of a certain penal act, and was prosecuted by the Crown. He met the prosecution with all the firmness of a brave man. But the law under

which he was indicted expired, by lapse of time, before the Government were ready for the final trial; and, farther, they were aware, no doubt, that their victory would be odious, even should they gain one, by means of a law which would expire by its own limitation, before the culprit could be brought to punishment. This only won him new laurels, and was by many regarded as a victory achieved by the "Irish Giant."

An unavailing prosecution has always been regarded in Ireland, as the most efficient and available capital for a political candidate, and O'Connell has found it so.

He is an Irish museum; his memory is a treasure-house of all that is wonderful in her history, remarkable in her progress, or extraordinary in her idiosyncrasy. In all that he says, he is original, quaint, matter-of-fact, exact; happy in illustration, whether by accident or a high moral inference. He is the great mouthpiece of Ireland; and, with the weight of all her interests upon his shoulders, he stands the high witness, bearing testimony at the bar of mankind, of wrongs long endured, of redress long defer-

red. He seems not only to be a moral abridgment of all that is extraordinary in the character or history of Ireland, but he has been united by a great relationship, to universal humanity. For there is no effort made on earth for the advancement of human happiness, which has not his sympathy.

In looking over a number of the Tralee Mercury of 1839, I saw the following notice: "Famine is spreading on the west coast of Ireland. Mr. O'Connell, in sending to our care £150 for the poor, thus writes: 'It is very important to mix coarse flour with the potatoes, to prevent diseases arising from the badness of the potatoes and the small quantity of them. Order in ten or twenty tons of oatmeal at my expense. In short, while I have a shilling, don't spare me. The visitation is awful.'"

Almost every day some new instance of O'Connell's noble generosity comes to my knowledge. His heart is the home of Irish joy and Irish sorrow. While he goes in mourning for the injuries inflicted upon his mother-land, he is never so subdued as not to

resent the insults that oppression has heaped upon her. Baffled he may be for a moment, but he seems to rise with new energies from every conflict, and borrows a power from controversy which he never could have gained from reflection. In his strife with the elements of human passion, he has learned what he never would have done by theorizing in the silent chamber of study.

I have heard the best speakers in Great Britain, and some of them under circumstances the most likely to inspire eloquence: O'Connell excels them all. I do not suppose that, *under any circumstances,* he could produce such an effect in Parliament as Lord Brougham when he came into collision with Canning: he does not possess his mighty intellectual power. But I do not believe, there is a man in England who can so completely control a popular assembly. If it is known that he is to address a public meeting, it matters not where it is to assemble, or what is its object, the house is sure to be crowded. The last meeting of the World's Convention was held in Exeter Hall, which is the largest public room in Great Britain. It

has seats for six thousand, and on this occasion, seven thousand were jammed into it. This Hall is the great arena of the popular benevolent feeling of England. It is always the scene of excitement and commotion; for although the English are cold and phlegmatic in the intercourse of every-day life, yet they never come together in large numbers, without great enthusiasm. All the benevolent societies depend upon great meetings for raising money to carry on their operations, and exciting an interest in their objects.

The Duke of Sussex, uncle to the Queen, was to preside at this meeting; and the anxiety among all classes to attend was very great. All eyes had for many days been fixed upon the Convention. The London and provincial journals had reported all the principal speeches. Thousands had made application at the Freemasons' Hall, only to be turned away. But the chief interest clustered around the last meeting. It was said that many thousands came to the Hall after the house was filled; carriage after carriage rolled up with distinguished persons; but as none could enter except by

ticket, and as those who had secured seats were unwilling to give them up, their carriages rolled away.

The platform holds one thousand; and a greater number of illustrious men were seen upon it that day than had been seen there for many years. It was a sort of Pentecostal day of freedom. Almost every civilized nation on the globe was represented in the persons of some of its most distinguished philanthropists: all assembled for one common object, and all were fired with enthusiasm, kindled by the sublime idea of emancipating the world.

On the right of the duke sat M. Guizot, the French ambassador, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the Duchess of Sutherland, and the American delegation. On the left sat a large number of beautiful peeresses, who had condescended to come to the World's Convention, to display their diamond necklaces and bracelets, and hear something about humanity. At the hour appointed, the Duke appeared and took the chair. He was received with every demonstration of regard and affection. The cheering lasted for several minutes. His Royal Highness made an excellent speech; and spoke of "the

*honour* conferred upon a member of the royal family in being permitted to preside over an assembly so illustrious," &c.; the whole speech was perhaps as democratic as any you ever heard in a "log cabin."

At the close of his remarks there was a murmur and a bustle on the farthest side of the platform; every eye was turned in that direction, and the body of the house was still, to see the countenance or catch the name of the newcomer. The crowd opened and the murmur began to spread. At length the fine form of O'Connell appeared, and in one moment the whole assembly arose, and from every part of the vast meeting a burst of applause came forth which was almost deafening. As he advanced to the front of the platform, the Duke shook him cordially by the hand, and O'Connell acknowledged the reception with a bow which would not have dishonoured the Courts of St. James'.

The enthusiasm of the meeting exceeded all description. His countenance was probably familiar to almost every one present; and there was not one in that great congregation, from the

Royal Chairman to the poorest and most distant individual in the hall, that joined not in the acclamation. Cheering, clapping, pounding, stamping, hallooing, swinging of hats, bonnets, and white handkerchiefs, blended in one grand chorus to welcome the Liberator of Ireland. The applause swelled and broke among the arches like successive peals of thunder.

Several times I thought the cheering would cease; it grew fainter and fainter, till it almost died away. But again it swelled up wilder and louder than ever; and it was full ten minutes before it subsided. O'Connell stood with his hat in his hand, bowing to the assembly with all the grace of a courtier.

At last the venerable Duke rose to call the meeting to order. But the meeting would not be called to order; the shouts came up wilder than ever; and the old Duke seeing he could not control that mighty sea of passion, was irresistibly borne away by it himself; and turning to O'Connell with a smile, clapped his neat white hands.

It is impossible for a person to form, without having witnessed it, any correct idea of the im-

mense enthusiasm that prevailed. I never saw so splendid an assembly nor so dense a pressurec. Mrs. Opie stood near the platform, where she seemed to be almost crowded to death. I had still one ticket for the platform, and being seated near her, caught her eye and threw it to her. She returned the compliment by a smile, and shook her head, signifying it came too late. She was at the mercy of the crowd, and probably could not have moved twelve inches to save her life.

There were many fine speeches, and a deep interest was kept up from ten until five o'clock —seven hours. But not one of them could be compared to that of O'Connell's. It was a copious outpouring of pure Irish wit and genuine, large humanity. He was in his element; perfectly at home. He begins slowly, and gradually unwinds his hands. He uses them sparingly, but with consummate art, expression, and elegance. His whole action is chaste, tasteful, and effective. Yet this is nothing to his utterance. His voice is the richest, and of the greatest compass I ever heard. The variety of intonation is infinite, and the tasteful and skilful

management of it perfect. Every syllable is articulated with the most careful precision, and his general cadences are sweet, rather plaintive, and most musical. The speech was a long one, and yet it appeared, such was its *relief*, not to occupy more than a quarter of an hour. Every sentence was cheered, and every sentence was a point, a palpable hit. The very manner in which it was delivered gave it significancy. He began playfully, and in the simplest and most natural manner subsided into his subject. He used not one argument that it required any previous knowledge of his subject to understand. He urged not a single plea which any ordinary intellect, however unprepared and uninformed, could not at once perfectly appreciate. The matter was so simplified in his hands; the plainness, directness, and straightforward common sense of the appeal were so irresistible, that I am sure many whom all the argumentation of an economist could not have moved, were entirely satisfied by O'Connell.

He began in a gamesome humour; he continued argumentatively, in thought beautifully pointed; and as he gradually proceeded to the

more serious plea for justice and humanity, the sentences became more delicately polished and the cadences more nicely musical. That peculiar murmuring and earnest plaintiveness which mark O'Connell's serious speeches, here became more striking; and, as he talked of Ireland (for he cannot make a speech without allusion to the sufferings of his native land), and the widow's cry, and the orphan's tear, the oppressor's wrong and the proud man's contumely, it was plain there was not one person in that vast assembly, comprehending representatives from nearly every civilised nation on earth, who was not brought completely under his sway.

For the first half hour I was too much riveted by the speech, to think of looking around the hall to observe its effects upon others: and when at length I broke away for a moment from the charm, I did not see an eye that was not fastened upon O'Connell, thousands of them now wet with tears; and the next instant the whole house was convulsed with laughter.

I do not believe that there is a man on earth who could have excited the same enthusiasm. I could not but think that such a reception

must have been more grateful to O'Connell's heart than the brightest diadem.

He has richly earned his fame; the people know and love him well: he has never deserted their cause. In fighting for Irish liberty he has achieved much for England. Every blow, which has fallen from his strong arm upon the hoary head of tyranny, has been for universal humanity.

He has been censured by Americans for "slandering the United States," as it is said. True, he has used most violent language towards us when he spoke of slavery. I certainly cannot approve of this; at least, all violent and insulting epithets should be spared. But, then, it should be remembered that his Irish heart cannot think of slavery anywhere without deep indignation, and that he has never said harsher things of American slavery than he has of slavery in the East and West Indies: he is consistent. Wherever oppression exists he feels a generous sympathy for the slave, and deals out his withering sarcasm, without mercy, upon the oppressor. It is not to be supposed that an Irishman should see anything very praise-

worthy in a system which enslaves the African, when the iron of tyranny has entered so deeply into his own soul. Besides, it is quite natural for us to be sensitive on this question. It is allowed on all hands to be a "delicate question;" and then, perhaps, as Colton says, "Our best way to defend ourselves is, doubtless, to go earnestly about removing the scandal." O'Connell cannot speak of oppression tamely, no matter where it is found. He pours forth his rebukes here at home with the same boldness and severity.

He is feared by his political enemies, and well he may be; for there is no man, or party of men, who can exercise such power over the British people. Since the day he came into public life, he has been constantly rising.

It is impossible to say what may yet be O'Connell's destiny. It must and will be glorious; but I allude rather to the station he may yet be called to occupy. He will never accept office at the expense of his principles; but troublous times will come upon the British empire.

Let not the Conservatives flatter themselves

that they can smother the prayers of the people for a century to come, because they have successfully done so for five centuries past. Humanity is everywhere coming forth from the deep eclipse of ages of tyranny; and in its onward progress, liberty and truth will sunder every chain that now fetters mankind. It is the day-dream of fools, that this great revolution can be stopped: that man or government which does not advance with the progress of Liberty will be crushed beneath the weight of public opinion.

This matter is understood by the great liberal party in England. The eloquent Macauley just before the Reform Bill was passed, observed that, "The time is at last come when Reformers must legislate fast, because bigots would not legislate early; when Reformers are *compelled* to legislate in excitement, because bigots would not do so at a more auspicious moment. Bigots would not walk with sufficient speed, nay, they could not be prevailed upon to move at all; and now the Reformers must *run* for it."

The *rampant* lion may be an emblem of the

power of the Government; but the *couchant* lion is an emblem no less significant of the power of the people. "Nations," says the old proverb, are judged in *this* world;" and when judgment is to be passed, the misrule and oppression of whole generations are brought into the account.

I did intend to publish two or three letters on the Irish Question, which I wrote from England last summer; but I shall render a much higher service to the reader, and to the cause of liberty in Ireland, by extracting the following glowing paragraphs from O'Connell's Declaration of Irish grievances, and his famous speech, at his first appearance in Dublin, after his recent defeat. They are luminous with truth and philanthropy, and I feel that I cannot do so great an injustice to my readers as not to substitute them for my own observations:

"*We now proceed to the enumeration of the grievances of which the Irish people complain.*

First.—Our first grievance is, that Ireland has not obtained an equalization of privileges, franchises, and rights with the people of England and Scotland.

"Secondly.—The grievance is much aggravated by the fact that Ireland was deprived of her natural protection—a native parliament—and burdened with the weight of what is called a union, without being such in reality.

"Thirdly.—The giant practical grievance of Ireland is, that the ecclesiastical state revenues of the nation are enjoyed by the church of a small minority.

"Fourthly.—This giant grievance is much aggravated by the fact that the clergy of the dominant church are in general virulent enemies of the Irish people, hostile to their rights, and calumnious of themselves and of their religion.

"Fifthly. Another great grievance of which the Irish justly complain, is the scanty and inadequate measure of corporate reform doled out to them by the United Parliament, in a manner much more restricted than the corporate reform enjoyed by the English and the Scotch.

"Sixthly. The next great and outrageous grievance of which we complain is, that the elective franchise in Ireland is restricted by law

to a miserable fraction of the Irish people. Practically speaking, the franchise is not enjoyed by three per cent of the male adult population; while from twenty-five to thirty per cent of the male adult population of England and Scotland enjoy the elective franchise.

"Seventhly. The next great and outrageous grievance sustained by the people of Ireland is, that they are inadequately represented in Parliament. The Irish ought, upon a calculation of comparative revenue and population, to possess more than one hundred and seventy representatives. They have but one hundred and five.

"Eighthly. The next great grievance, and one of the most emaciating nature, is the enormous increase of the absentee drain, occasioned by the Union, to the amount altogether of probably more than four millions of pounds sterling per annum.

Ninthly. That this evil is greatly aggravated by the surplus revenue of Ireland being also remitted to England, to the amount of near two millions sterling per annum, thus exhaust-

ing Ireland by the payment of a tribute of upward of five millions sterling per annum.

"Tenthly. That the greatest—the master grievance—the source of all others to Ireland, is the Legislative Union; a union brought about by force, fraud, treachery, corruption, and bloodshed.

"It ought to sink deep into the minds of the English aristocracy, that no people on the face of the earth pay to another such tribute for permission to live, as Ireland pays to England in absentee rents and surplus revenues. There is no such instance; there is nothing like it in ancient or modern history. There is not, and there never was, such an exhausting process applied to any country as is thus applied to Ireland. It is a solecism in political economy, inflicted upon Ireland alone, of all the nations that are or ever were. Under heaven there is not, there cannot be, any remedy save one; and that remedy can be discovered and worked out by an Irish parliament, and by nothing but an Irish parliament.

"We have stated the grievances which Ire-

land endures, and under which she actually suffers; grievances unparalleled in any other country.

"Yes, fellow-countrymen, it is, alas! but too true that these grievances, which ought to satiate the malignity of fiends, are not sufficient to satisfy the acrimonious virulence of the Orange Tory party. That party audaciously threaten to inflict upon the Irish nation additional calamities.

"In fine, between present grievance and future oppression, the object of the Peel-Stanley party is to deprive the people of Ireland of all constitutional channels of exertion, and of every ray of hope, and ultimately to force them, if possible, into open insurrection.

"We caution you, beloved friends, not to be provoked into any such course. Your bitter and unrelenting enemies would be delighted could they drive you into insurrectionary courses and violent resistance. You could not gratify your enemies more than by adopting such a course. A stronger argument cannot be used to induce you to avoid it, than the

certain knowledge that you could not possibly please your mortal Orange enemies more than by violating the law, or committing any outrage. You are organized, and you must continue to be so; you are undisciplined, and you must continue to be so; you are unarmed, and you must continue to be so. England is at peace with all Europe and America. The Orange party, once in power, could, under such circumstances, pour into Ireland more than 100,000 of the best-armed, best-disciplined, and bravest troops in the world. They would be irresistible in the field, while the dastard Orangemen, of no use in the day of combat, would gloat upon the work of massacre, of female violation, and every other crime which the defeated and defenceless could endure from the malignity of human fiends.

"Do not, therefore, we most earnestly and solemnly conjure you, do not gratify your enemies by committing any outrage; do not give them strength by committing any breach of the law.

"Remember, and keep constantly before your eyes, the leading maxim, the very basis

of the Loyal Repeal Association, that '*whoever commits a crime strengthens the enemy.*'

"But there is another, a higher, a nobler motive for your acquiescence in the present evils, and for your submission to the law. It is to be found in your affectionate, your dutiful, your most dutiful allegiance to your Illustrious Sovereign; may the great God of Heaven bless and protect Her! Should you be reckless of yourselves, yet recollect you owe a duty to HER and to your God, to secure the tranquillity of her throne, and to prevent the possibility of disfiguring her reign by the shedding of one drop of human blood. No political amelioration was ever worth one drop of human blood.

"Be tranquil then, fellow-countrymen; be forbearing; be enduring. BUT BE NOT WITHOUT HOPE; on the contrary, be confident. Be full of the expectations of future, and not distant, triumphs. The Orange Tory reign cannot endure long. In its nature it must be transitory and evanescent. The evil times that approach cannot last long. Among the English people themselves Ireland has many active

and zealous friends. The friends of Ireland, to be sure, are *comparatively* few among the English people, yet, taken by themselves, they are numer ous; and if they be *not* zealous, they are, at all events, sincere. Hope something from the existence of your English friends.

"The majority of the Scottish nation are with you. Hope much from their zealous and spirited assistance.

"The Queen, my friends—our noble Queen—heartily and sincerely desires to see justice done to Ireland; your enemies are equally her enemies; she is in their toils; she wears their fetters. But with the blessing of heaven and the aid of God her bonds shall be broken—your enemies scattered; and she shall be restored to the brilliant freedom of her majestic throne.

"Be peaceable; be orderly; violate no law; commit no offence. But while we conjure you to adopt this course in the voice of allegiance to the Queen and reverence to your God, do we ask you to be acquiescent—silent—torpid?

"No, no! a thousand times, no!

" On the contrary, we call upon you to rouse into action; to be energetic, determined, persevering; lose no day, lose no hour in silent inactivity; exert yourselves within the limits of the law, and in the channels of constitutional agitation, and no other.

" Hold meetings; register votes; prepare petitions to Parliament. Tell that assembly manfully, and, through them, tell the civilized world, how you think and what you feel.

" Let every parish in Ireland simultaneously meet to address the Queen. Let us pledge all our lives and all we possess for the protection of her person and throne. Let us assure her that she may depend with the utmost certitude upon the bravery and fidelity of her Irish people.

" Whatever be the result, whether the Queen shall be allowed to select for her ministry friends of Ireland, or whether she shall be overpowered for a season by Tory corruption and intimidation, let our fidelity be unimpeachable, our allegiance pure and unbroken:—

> ' True as the dial to the sun,
> Although it be not shone upon.'

No despair—no hopelessness. On the contrary, be buoyant with hope and cheerful in your expectations. There is, fellow-countrymen, one great, one unfailing resource—one instrument of terror to the Orange Tories—of protection and success to the friends of Ireland—the peaceful agitation of the repeal of the Union.

"We know Ireland well. We know, by experience, the feelings and the wishes of the universal Irish people. We know that the fibres of their hearts are entwined around the restoration of the Irish Parliament. We know the enthusiasm of their souls for the repeal is animated and vivacious.

"Every man of common sense must know that the only resource for permanent tranquillity and prosperity to Ireland is to be found in the repeal of the Union. It is said that the repeal is impracticable. Impracticable!! There is no such word in the vocabulary of a generous, a moral, a religious, a brave people.

"Impracticable? To repeal an act of Parliament? Impracticable? When that repeal is required by the overwhelming

majority of a nation of near NINE MILLIONS of human beings? That which is *really* impracticable is to induce such a nation to continue to submit to the gross, glaring, iniquitous oppression and misrule of the Union.

"Rally, then, with us, men of Ireland. Let every human being declare for the repeal. Let there be no parish without repealers and repeal wardens. Peaceably and constitutionally declare your determination *by enrolling yourselves in the Loyal National Repeal Association of Ireland.*

"There is no other means to prevent a separation from England—from haughty, bigoted, tyrannical England—except the repeal of the Union. There is no other way to obtain prosperity or liberty for Ireland but the repeal of the Union.

"Let, then, one shout arise from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear; from Connemara to the Hill of Howth let there be but one universal voice upon the breeze of heaven,

'HURRAH FOR THE REPEAL!!!'

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

*Extract from Mr. O'Connell's Speech.*

"We have hitherto supported to our utmost a Ministry that have outlawed the repealers, and I am now going to Parliament to give that support for the last time. In the struggle which will ensue the Tories will obtain a victory over them, and must come into office, *and from that time my connection with the Whigs totally ends on the present basis.* Let it be remembered what our support of the Whigs was. I have often ludicrously described it as Paddy with the broken pane. He stuffed his old hat into it, not to let in the light, for it would not do that, but to keep out the cold. So it was with the Whigs. We supported them, not for any benefit they were doing to our cause, for they were going too slow for us, but to keep out the Tories.

"Yes, there is a movement going forward in the public mind: statesmen may mitigate or temper it; they may make it proceed more slowly and cautiously; they may put a drag on it to prevent its hurrying into a revolution; but they cannot utterly stop it. The human mind

is in a state of expansion. Education itself is expanding it, and making the movement more general. Thousands are now beginning to read the newspapers that were before unable to do so; and they are thus acquiring a relish for politics, and a greater keenness of appetite, too, from having no other source from which they could acquire any other relish.

"The Tories have gained the ascendency in the Government, but that ascendency cannot continue long. I think it is utterly impossible that they continue long in power. It is not in the nature of things that they should. Their own party disaffections cannot allow them to keep together; the great links that now bind them are a national antipathy against the Irish, and a bigoted hatred towards the religion of Ireland. That chain must soon burst, and the result will be that the Tory faction will be scattered in the winds, the Radical reformers will obtain the helm, and England, Ireland, and Scotland will once again have a chance of ranking foremost in the history of the civilized world.

"Parliament is too long, and the period of

its duration must, therefore, be reduced. The principle on which the representation is arranged must be also altered. It cannot be endured that Harwich, with its voters, is to have an equal number of representatives, with Cork, with its 750,000 inhabitants. Such a system cannot be suffered to continue longer, and it must, therefore, be reformed in the first place, and the representation extended to the full limits that common sense will point out. The franchise must be also extended, so as to afford an adequate representation for the whole people. Above all things, the ballot must be introduced. The Ministry who shall have my support hereafter must purchase it. They must bribe me. My bribe is extended suffrage; my bribe is amended representation; my bribe is the ballot; my bribe is, shorten the duration of Parliament. I will support no Ministry that does not promise to support these measures.

"'Tis time, full time, Heaven knows, that our rights and privileges be conceded to us; and, unless I can find a Ministry ready and willing to extend the franchise (for this is the utmost

they can do—to universalize it were impracticable); to grant us a more rational and satisfactory representation; to give us the ballot, the honest ballot, and with it short Parliaments (three years is, in my mind, a space quite sufficiently prolonged): unless I suspect I can find a Ministry determined to carry these measures as a matter of justice to the oppressed people, my place, at least, will be in the opposition for the rest of my parliamentary life. But, while I speak in this strain, imagine not that it is my purpose to abandon the repeal, or to mitigate in the minutest degree the fervid zeal and ardour with which I have bound myself to follow up that glorious cause. Never more deeply than at the present moment was it the unalterable conviction of my soul that there is not, there was not, nor can there ever be, hope for Ireland in anything but the repeal of the legislative act of Union. This great national fact is clearly manifested by the course of conduct which England is at this moment pursuing.

"Our business is, then, to take the stand we have taken; our object is to place our views on the broad basis I have mentioned.

At present there is no symptom of a reform society in England; but when I go there I shall again blow the trumpet of reform. I will ask them, have all the faculties of the English people been extinguished? They have displayed genius and ability of the highest order. Some of the most sublime works that ever emanated from the human intellect have been produced in England. Their improvements in machinery have been brought to a state of perfection, until they have made machinery almost to think and perform the duty of sentient beings; and, oh! disgrace on the party that would keep them in the position they are at present. I admit the high qualities in many instances of the English people, but there is nothing I admire them more for than this: when they go to battle, it has ever been the determination among them, as it should be, for every man ought to go into battle with such determination, to die rather than yield.

"Their most glorious victories, Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, were all gained on that principle. They went to battle not to be conquered; they went to battle to die if neces-

sary, but never to go back; and, acting on the same principle, Ireland on a more recent day helped them to gain Waterloo. And, by-the-by, in their own civil wars they exhibited the same determination. In the first battle which Edward IV gained over Henry VI, they were about 40,000 strong on each side; they began to fight Palm Sunday without waiting for mass. The Yorkists succeeded, there being left on the field of battle 36,000 Englishmen. There they stood to be killed; nobody thought of going back, and that is the principle that has ever actuated them.

"I now tell the English that the Irish are as capable as they are of evincing the same quiet and determined courage. Their principle is to die, but never to be conquered.

"Let me end by earnestly entreating that no man of our party will put himself in the wrong by violating any law. Let there be no riot, no tumult, no assault; for a man won't defend himself in a worse way, if called on, for being in the right. Adopt the great, glorious, magic principle of being in the right. In all our contests we have refrained from shed-

ding one drop of human blood, or injuring one particle of public or private property; we have vindicated public liberty in the absence of all offence against man or crime against God! In the glorious career we have commenced let us persevere in the same course, by endeavouring to remove the effects of centuries of oppression and exterminating persecution.

"No country in the world affords such melancholy evidence of cruelty and oppression as that which Ireland exhibits in her sufferings from England: but she has endured them all. Hitherto we have been divided and distracted; we have been combating each other; and those internal feuds have unfortunately prevented us from amalgamating heart and hand; but the day of sobriety and of education has at length appeared; the holy light of religious feeling, which though never dimmed, now shines forth with greater lustre, and warns us to be obedient to the law, while we are struggling for our liberties.

"The day has come when, I trust, the veil which obscures and darkens the ancient glories of our native land is about to be removed!

Let my voice go through the land: be cautious of your enemies, whose wish must be that you place yourselves in the wrong; violate no law; give them no advantage over you by accident; respect the Queen, that amiable and beloved monarch; keep, preserve for her, your allegiance unpurchased and unpurchaseable.

"I am older, to be sure, than when I commenced this contest; but my heart is still young, and my arm is as powerful and as vigorous as ever it was, and my heart and arm she shall have against every enemy. These are the terms, then, on which I stand: Connexion with England; submission to the British crown; dutiful allegiance to the sovereign; love of liberty; and an unalterable determination to be free."

After all that O'Connell has said about American slavery, there is no man in Great Britain who loves this country better than he. In a conversation with him while I was in London, he said: "It is not in my heart to hate America: she has opened her free arms to too many thousands of my own countrymen; she too effectually humbled the power of England in her glorious Revolution; she has given such

a splendid illustration of the beauty, practicability, and power of equal freedom to the world. No, I never will wrong my feelings by saying aught against your people.

"But I cannot bear the idea of American slavery: it is too intolerable; I consider its existence to be the greatest anomaly at this time in the civilized world; it is the grossest inconsistency. If there are considerations which seem to you to offer some apology for the continuance of the odious system, in Europe we can see no extenuating circumstances in your favour. To us it is all one foul blot; disgraceful to your people and insulting to humanity. I mourn over your inconsistency; and I blush for America when I, as her sworn friend in England, am taunted with the finger of scorn which points towards this great structure of wrong. By perpetuating the institution, you lose your respect, influence, and consideration abroad.

"How perfectly monstrous is the idea, that America, free, glorious America, should send a slaveholder to represent her Republic at the Court of St. James'. You make yourselves the laughing-stock of every aristocrat in Europe:

you bring yourselves into contempt. You do not realize, perhaps, how all this looks to European eyes. You are inflicting, perhaps, as great a wrong upon Europe as upon Africa. You throw a strong barrier across Europe against the progress of free principles—your example! Oh! your inconsistency! the God of liberty and the demon of slavery worshipped around the same altars.

"I do not wish to speak ill of your country. I love American liberty as well as any man. I love your country as an Irishman better than any other land but my own; and I pray God that you may do away with this dreadful system, and then your nation will be fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and more terrible to the grey-headed aristocracy of Europe than an army with banners.

"You know little in America what the friends of equal rights are called upon to suffer here. Your fathers knew it well; for they had to struggle with the same despotism; and I shall always feel the deepest veneration for the men of your Revolution.

"But we are cheered in our efforts by the certain advancement and ultimate triumph of

Liberty in the Old World. The people are beginning to wake up from their long sleep, and ask their rulers for liberty: the boon must be granted. Tyrants cannot hold their empire much longer over prostrate humanity. God made his creatures to be free: and the voice of his Providence can be heard among the confused struggles of the race, proclaiming that his lofty purpose is being carried into effect.

"Oh yes, blessed be God, we shall have a free world yet. You may live to see it, but I shall not. But my faith is strong in man, and in Heaven. And although God may not let me see the great brotherhood of man enter the Promised Land, yet he will suffer me to stand on the Mountain of Vision, and view the land afar off. Oh! humanity! what greatness there is in man when he is free!"

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When I commenced this letter, I did not intend to trespass so long upon your patience. That your last days may be as peaceful and happy as your whole life has been honourable and illustrious, is the prayer of

Your humble friend,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

*To the Hon. John C. Spencer.*

In ancient times those men were considered worthy the highest honour who became illustrious in government and letters; and although you cannot consider yourself flattered in being addressed by so humble an individual, yet I trust you will award to the writer the simple merit of appreciating those qualities by which you have rendered yourself distinguished in the political and literary world.

As a member of the Legislature, and Speaker of the House of Assembly of your own state; in the National Congress; as a lawyer and jurist; and as Secretary of State for New-York, you have been alike eminent for patriotism, learning, and a deep regard for the interests of the people. But should after times be unmindful of every other claim you may have upon their remembrance, your name will never cease to be mentioned with gratitude, so long as the walls of a district school-house shall be left standing in the Empire State.

I have ever considered our system of common school education as the glory of our country. We shall never see oppression, want, or vice prevail among our people, so long as the means of intellectual and moral elevation are placed within their reach. Our children shall never bow down at the feet of a tyrant, while in every hamlet the lights of science illuminate the popular mind.

With the subject of this letter you have no doubt been long familiar. At no period has the public mind of Great Britain and America been so feelingly alive to the evils, the injustice, and the oppressive character of the existing Corn Laws, as at present. Nor has there ever been so general a conviction that the time has arrived when the interests of Great Britain imperatively require that they be immediately and totally abolished.

*This subject is instinct with human life!* It is no less a question, than on what terms shall an Englishman breathe; on what conditions his mouth shall open and shut, his jaws and teeth perform the duties of action and re-action: yea, more, this Corn Law legislation deals directly

with the stomachs of men, forbidding those ancient and anxious customers any employment of their skill in the great art of digestion, until a solemn question has been settled with the three kingdoms of the British Empire.

One would suppose, to see the ruinous operation of the Corn-Laws upon the whole manufacturing system; their horrible results upon the working classes, and the crime, suffering, and discontent they immediately cause, that the English Aristocracy has been struck blind; furnishing another illustration of the truth of the ancient maxim, "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

No man who has watched the aspects of English society for the last few years, can wonder that there is there such a "dragon as popular discontent." Indeed, I was astonished at nothing I witnessed abroad so much as the endurance of the English people.

But America is also deeply interested in this question; for no man can estimate the advantages we should gain by a repeal of the Corn-Laws. This, as well as many other matters of vital interest and importance, will more clearly

appear in the progress of this letter. I am well aware that this is a subject which requires more experience and knowledge than I am able to bring to its elucidation; still there are a few things that I will mention which cannot but be obvious to every mind.

What is the *nature*, then, of the present Corn-Laws? After the peace of 1815, a law was passed, which excluded all foreign corn from the British ports until the price of wheat at home reached eighty shillings the quarter. This law originated in the desire to preserve, during a state of peace, the high rents and prices which had existed during the war. The interests of the landholders *alone* were consulted in this cruel enactment; whose provisions were such, that no grain could be imported, until the scarcity became so great that the people were upon the verge of famine.

The measure was opposed with great ability by several of the most eminent statesmen of the times; and Lord Grenville drew up a protest, embodying the views of the minority; but the landed interest prevailed. By an overwhelming majority the bill passed both Houses,

and on the 23rd of March, 1815, received the royal assent.

This law was so oppressive, that it created disturbance in almost every part of England: a starving people were goaded into riot. But their hunger was cured by *military force*—the remedy generally resorted to in similar cases. At last its results became so appalling, that in 1827, Mr. Canning introduced a bill into the House, providing for the importation of corn at all times, by substituting a graduated scale of duties, in place of absolute prohibition at eighty shillings. This was a slight improvement upon the law of 1815; but it received its death-blow in the House of Lords from the Duke of Wellington.

In 1828, the present Corn-Law was enacted; and its provisions for settling the average prices of corn are as follows:

"In one hundred and fifty towns in England and Wales, mentioned in the Act, corn-dealers are required to make a declaration, that they will return an accurate account of their purchases. [In London the sellers make the return.] Inspectors are appointed in each of

these one hundred and fifty towns, who transmit returns to the receiver in the Corn Department of the Board of Trade, whose duty it is to compute the average weekly price of each description of grain, and the aggregate average price for the previous six weeks, and to transmit a certified copy to the collectors of customs at the different out-ports. The return on which the average prices are based is published every Friday in 'The London Gazette.' The aggregate average for six weeks regulates the duty on importation. In 1837, the quantity of British wheat sold in these towns was 3,888,957 quarters; in 1838 there were 4,064,305 quarters returned as sold; and 3,174,680 quarters in 1839.

"Wheat at 50*s.* pays a duty of 36*s.* 8*d.*; barley, at 32*s.*, a duty of 13*s.* 10*d.*; oats, at 24*s.* a duty of 10*s.* 9*d.*; rye, pease, and beans, at 35*s.* a duty of 16*s.* 9*d.* In the case of wheat, when the price is 66*s.*, for every shilling that the price falls, the duty increases by 1*s.*, and decreases by the same sum for every shilling that the price rises; for all other grain the duty increases by 1*s.* 6*d.* for every shilling that the

price rises. Colonial wheat is admitted at a duty of 6*d*., when the average of the six weeks is at or above 67*s*.; and when below 67*s*. the duty is 5*s*. the quarter, and for other grain in proportion. Importation is free on payment of 1*s*. on the quarter, when wheat in the home market is 73*s*.; barley 41*s*.; oats 31*s*.; and rye, pease, and beans, 46*s*. the quarter.

"In the following table the scale of duties proposed by Mr. Canning, and that adopted by the Legislature of 1828, and acted upon up to the present time, are placed in juxtaposition:—

| Average Prices of Wheat. | Duty according to Mr. Canning's Bill. | Duty according to the present scale. |
|---|---|---|
| s | s. | s. d. |
| 73 .. | 1 .. | 1 0 |
| 72 .. | 1 .. | 2 8 |
| 71 .. | 1 .. | 6 8 |
| 70 .. | 1 .. | 10 8 |
| 69 .. | 2 .. | 13 8 |
| 68 .. | 4 .. | 16 8 |
| 67 .. | 6 .. | 18 8 |
| 66 .. | 8 .. | 20 8 |
| 65 .. | 10 .. | 21 8 |
| 64 .. | 12 .. | 22 8 |
| 63 .. | 14 .. | 23 8 |
| 62 .. | 16 .. | 24 8 |
| 61 .. | 18 .. | 25 8 |
| 60 .. | 20 .. | 26 8 |

| Average Prices of Wheat. | Duty according to Mr. Canning's Bill. | Duty according to the present scale. |
|---|---|---|
| s. | s | s. d. |
| 59 .. | 22 .. | 27 8 |
| 58 .. | 24 .. | 28 8 |
| 57 .. | 26 .. | 29 8 |
| 56 .. | 28 .. | 30 8 |
| 55 .. | 30 .. | 31 8 |
| 54 .. | 32 .. | 32 8 |
| 53 .. | 34 .. | 38 8" |

By this bill the English Landlord defends himself against all the world, and enjoys a monopoly in the sale of bread-stuffs so long as he has any to sell; and when *famine has bought him out*, he permits grain to be imported all but duty free. It was designed by the framers of this law, that it should not fix so high and permanent a duty as would absolutely exclude foreign grain in times of great scarcity or famine; for then the people would have risen, as a last resort; and the monopolists nicely calculated how hungry the people could be kept from the beginning to the end of the year without riot. To secure to him the entire monopoly of grain, the law allows the landlord to charge about double its ordinary price on the continent and in America; this sliding tariff growing less and less, and tapering

to a point of nominality, as famine, with her thousand horrors, and approaches.

This brief sketch will give some idea of that deep-laid scheme to reach the daily wages of the labouring man of England, in driving competition to a distance by excluding foreign grain, except in periods of great scarcity, bordering on famine.

This nicely-contrived device operates with the greatest severity upon the poor man; for most severely, he is made to pay, or, more properly, is punished, for the offence of being born in England. Persons born since the enactment of the Corn Laws must regard themselves as paying this penalty, for having had the audacity to draw their first breath on that island. Nor is there any purging the offence, or commuting it on the soil; for it sticks to a man like "original sin," and his only chance of escape from it is by flying to a distant colony, expatriation, or death.

*What does the Corn Laws cost the English people?* It is estimated that the consumption of grain of all kinds in the kingdom is sixty million quarters per annum. Twelve years

ago M'Culloch supposed the amount to be only a little less than this; and since then there has been a great increase in population. The consumption of all other kinds of agricultural produce is, without doubt, equal to the total consumption of grain. Supposing it is the effect of the corn-laws to raise the price of grain only 10*s.* a quarter higher than it would be, were foreign grain freely imported, it follows that the burden of the bread-tax is equal to the enormous sum of sixty millions sterling, a year: a sum exceeding the whole expenditure of the government, including the interest on the national debt.

But it can be shown to the satisfaction of every reasonable man, that the corn-laws *nearly double the price of grain.* Mr. G. R. Porter, of the Board of Trade, in his valuable work on this subject, states that the average price of wheat in Prussia, for the last twenty-two years has been only 31*s.* 2*d.* a quarter, while the price, during the same period, has been 61*s.* in London.

*What is the effect of these laws upon the labouring classes?* Want, bordering on STARVATION!

Were it not necessary for me to confine myself within very narrow limits in preparing this letter, I should be glad to lay before you a detailed view of this whole subject, particularly in its bearings upon the poor. I have collected a vast amount of facts, which would shock the feelings of any reader: the thousandth part I am not able to publish; neither will I select the worst cases that have come to my knowledge.

The following extract from a letter written from Connemara last year, will show how these laws operate in Ireland. They enrich the idle absentee landlords and starve the people: "I regret to inform you that famine still prevails, and is increasing to a frightful extent in this district, even among those who were considered above want. The poor people are coming in hundreds here, to see if anything will be done for them. I was present this day when application was made to ——, stating that they were existing by bleeding the cattle and boiling the blood till it became thick, *when they eat it;* and also that they were eating *sea-weed* and small shell-fish. I knew cases

myself where the children resorted to weeds in the fields to allay their hunger, being so for twenty-four hours, and another large family of children having no food for two days: one of them, a boy, dreading a return of hunger, took away the two sheep that were spared to pay the public money or cess, which, to add to the misfortune, is now collecting, and sold them for half-price.

"Others are known to have, by night, taken away the carion of a cow drowned by chance, and unskinned for two days, and picked the bones that the dogs had feasted on. Many families are lingering through fever, and will feel want a long time, as their manure remains at their cabins, not being able to sow; and what is worse, the misery is not likely to end with many when the harvest returns, which will be late in this country, as they are now compelled to root out the potatoes before they arrive at one eighth of their growth. So that in a week there will be as much destroyed as would serve for two months, if full grown. I need not name one village, for every one round about shares this awful situation. There are many actively endeavouring to relieve this dis-

tress; but, alas, it is only like a drop of water to the ocean."

The following instance of starvation I take from the Bolton Free Press: "DEATH FROM STARVATION.—Stockport, March, 5.—Sir: Surrounded as you must be with heart-rending scenes of distress, the following may serve to show the baneful effect of the Corn Law on the manufacturing and industrious classes. In the present depressed state of trade, with the high price of provisions, the working classes are suffering all the evils imaginable: many of them without half food or clothing, and many, very many, without a bed to lie down upon; while three, four, and even five families are huddled together in one small and miserable dwelling.

"The case I allude to is that of a poor widow, named Ellen North, sixty-years old, who resided in the Leadyard, Middle Hillgate, and who was found starved to death on Sunday morning last, without either sheet or blanket, or anything worthy to be called clothing, in a room for which she paid eight-pence per week.

"The poor creature had been in the receipt

of one shilling per week from the town, which, with a little winding she gets from Messrs. Hardy and Andrew, of this town, was all that she had had to subsist on for some time past. Latterly, when she had a little work, she has been known by her neighbours to sit up all night that she might take home the work in the morning, and so procure food for breakfast. A few weeks since she said to Mrs. Grimes, her next-door neighbour, 'I believe I shall be starved to death, Betty, for I have only got fourteen-pence in the last fortnight; and, if that will do, anything will do.' She had had no work for the last three weeks, and was supposed to have been dead about a week, when the door of her miserable room was broken open by her neighbours.

"The only food in her room was a hard crust and four cold potatoes, and all the money, one halfpenny. An inquest was held at the Warren Bulkeley Arms, when a verdict of 'Died from want' was returned. Thus, by the stagnation of trade, the continuance of which is undoubtedly occasioned by the Corn Law, are the old left to die neglected; *while many of our*

*young women, reckless from want, abandon themselves to prostitution!* How long will Englishmen submit to these things?" But this is not a solitary case: I could show you several hundred no less horrible.

The statements below from the Manchester Times will give some idea of the general distress in the manufacturing districts in 1839-40: "Distress in the manufacturing districts is daily becoming deeper and deeper. In Bolton there are 1053 empty houses, of which about sixty are shops, many of them in the main streets. There is at least £3000 per week less paid in wages than three years ago. The shopkeepers are in great difficulties. There were, a short time ago, three sales of the property of shopkeepers in one day. All the mills except five are working short time, three to four days a week. South of Bolton, four miles, a large spinning establishment which gave employment to 800 hands has been entirely stopped for six months. The proprietor has 128 cottages empty, or paying no rent.

"Entering Bolton from Manchester, there is another mill, where there are 200 hands, but which has been entirely stopped for more than

twelve months. North of Bolton, another spinning establishment has been entirely standing some weeks, on which 1100 persons were dependant for subsistence. The consequent misery and destitution are extreme. A few days ago, 500 persons were relieved by the poor-law guardians in one day, in amounts varying from six-pence to eighteen pence per head per week. In some cases there are two or three families living in one house. In one case, seventeen persons were found in a dwelling less than five yards square; in another eight persons, with two pairs of looms and two beds, were found in a cellar, six feet under ground, and measuring about four yards by five. The out-door relief to the poor is three times greater in amount than in the average of three years, 1836, 7, and 8. It is impossible to convey by words even a faint idea of the patient suffering of thousands of the labouring classes. The debts to shopkeepers and the unpaid house rents will amount to many thousands during the present year, and distraints for rent are taking place daily. The distress in the manufacturing towns of this district is probably as deep as it is in Bolton.

"Nor is it confined to Lancashire. At the meeting of the Anti-Corn-law Association, on Monday, Mr. Bury stated that at Nottingham three thousand persons were wandering about the streets, having literally nothing to do. We learn, also, that of thirty-five worsted spinning mills in Leicester and its neighbourhood, only six are in full work. At Paisley, too, there are about fifteen hundred persons out of employment. The distress arising from want of work, and from low wages, is greatly aggravated by the high price of bread; and it will be increased in intensity by the cold weather that we may expect for the next three months; for a great portion of the working classes have had nothing to spare for the purchase of bed and body clothing.

The testimony of some of the most respectable physicians has confirmed the opinion, that multitudes starve to death in England every year.

The learned and humane Dr. Howard, in a recent work on this subject, observes that: "The public generally have a very inadequate idea of the number of persons who perish annu-

ally from deficiency of food; and there are few who would not be painfully surprised if an accurate record of such cases were presented to them. It is true, that in this country, instances of death from total abstinence only casually occur; yet every medical man whose duties have led him much among the poor; who is familiar with the extreme destitution which often prevails among them, and the diseases thereby occasioned, is too often a witness of fatal results from gradual and protracted starvation! Although death directly produced by hunger may be rare, there can be no doubt that a very large proportion of the mortality among the labouring classes is attributable to deficiency of food, as a main cause, aided by too long continued toil and exertion, without adequate repose, insufficient clothing, exposure to cold, and other privations to which the poor are subjected."

He states that "their houses are almost destitute of furniture; comfortless and uncleanly; too often damp, cold, and ill-ventilated. Many live in dark cellars, in the midst of filth and putrefaction, by which the atmosphere is ren-

dered foul and unfit for respiration, a due circulation of air being impossible. Their families are ill-fed, scantily clothed, and badly lodged, three or four persons being frequently crowded together in the same bed, which is often filthy and deficient of covering. They live much on innutritious and indigestible food, and often use articles of bad quality, or such as are rendered unwholesome by adulteration or by being too long kept."

It is easy to see how all these potent causes of disease become aggravated whenever there is a scarcity of bread or of employment, both of which are either directly caused or terribly augmented by the corn-laws. The scanty furniture and clothing of the poor become at such times still more scanty, all that can possibly be spared being sold or pawned for food; their houses and beds become more crowded from more living together to save rent; their dwellings are worse ventilated, for every cranny by which air could enter is choked up, that they may be warm without the expense of fuel; because of their debilitated condition they drink more gin to raise their depressed spirits, the

quantity taken being more injurious; and while deep despair settles upon them, hunger gnaws at their vitals.

Dr. Howard remarks, that if the horrible results of the corn-laws upon the health of the poor could be fully known, it would send a chill to every heart in Britain. The catalogue of miseries which he enumerates are truly frightful. He states, that while many, under the keen cravings of hunger, make their cry heard in the ears of their fellow-men, many more, in the sullen despair of poverty, hide away in their cellars, where they lie in a listless, lethargic state, until death comes to their relief. But, says he, "In estimating the mortality among the destitute poor from scarcity of food, we must not forget that the result is still the same, whether the privation is so complete as to destroy life in ten days, or so slight and gradual that the fatal event does not occur till after many months' suffering."

There can be no doubt that there never has been a period in England's history when her poor suffered so much from hunger, I well know that this is not the common opinion.

There was some reason in ancient times for the epithet used by the old poets, of "Righte Merrie Old Englande." There is much said even now about the "bold peasantry, their country's pride;" they are called the "happiest peasantry in the world." Sir James Graham, and other dreamers, whose chief qualification for legislators consists in having heads stuffed with the figments of old poetry, complacently apply these pictures of England in past centuries to her present condition, and luxuriate in a blessed ignorance of the pauperism, misery, and crime which cover the face of once "Merrie Englande."

In olden times, a day-labourer could earn as much money as would buy every week for his family a bushel of wheat and twenty-four pounds of meat, although the money rate of wages was then lower than at present; and though the poor man in Poland now receives less than the English operative, yet he can buy two or three times the quantity of food with it; thus showing that the real test of a man's wages is the quantity of necessaries he can purchase with them.

Mr. Hallam, the most elegant and careful of living historians, in his "Middle Ages," says, "There is one very unpleasing remark, which every one who attends to the subject of prices will be induced to make, that the labouring classes, especially those engaged in agriculture, were better provided with the means of subsistence in the reign of Edward III, or of Henry VI, than they are at present. In the fourteenth century, Sir John Cullum, observes, 'a harvest man had fourpence a-day, which enabled him in a week to buy a coomb of wheat; but to buy a coomb of wheat, a man must now (1784) work ten or twelve days.'

"So, under Henry VI, if meat was at a farthing and a half the pound, which I suppose was about the truth, a labourer, earning three pence a-day, or eighteen pence in the week, could buy a bushel of wheat at six shillings the quarter, and twenty-four pounds of meat for his family. A labourer at present, earning twelve shillings a-week, can only buy half a bushel of wheat at eighty shillings the quarter, and twelve pounds of meat at sevenpence."

*There were no Chartists then.* The rights of

labour were better understood in those old fashioned times. What says this fact for English religion or civilization at the present day?

But let us look for a moment at the condition of "the happiest peasantry in the world." The operatives are not the only, nor the worst sufferers from the Corn Laws. It can be proved, that in some of the richest counties of England, the average earnings of the peasantry are far less per head (man, woman, and child) than the average cost of *merely feeding the inmates* (*man, woman, and child*) *of their workhouses.* Look abroad among the thatched hamlets and little villages of England; over its waving fields of grain and verdant plains of pasture; among those scenes, which seem like enchanted grounds to the traveller from the top of the coach: you could find in almost every house a confirmation of the words of the working men of Sheffield in their address to the English people:

"In England, those who till the earth, and make it lovely and fruitful by their labours, are only allowed the slave's share of the many blessings they produce."

It will assist the reader in forming a correct idea of this subject, if we consider the demoralizing tendency of the Corn-laws, in connexion with the distress they occasion.

The Devonshire Chronicle has the following passage, "It is become a subject of deep regret to find the many repeated acts of robbery committed among sheep, pigs, poultry, and potatoes, besides breaking open houses, abstracting part of their contents," &c.

It should be no matter of surprise that men, whose average earnings are only eight shillings a week (finding themselves), have been driven to acts of robbery to eke out their own and their families' subsistence. Lord Chief Justice Hale, who wrote in the time of Charles II., says, "If the labourer cannot earn enough to feed his family, he must make it up either by begging or stealing."

When the great National Anti-Corn-law Petition, signed by half a million, was presented in Parliament, Mr. Wakley, a member of the House, stated, that for many years, to his certain knowledge, the labourers of Devonshire, (the garden of England) had received

less than seven shillings a week as the average price of their labour.

The eloquent and philanthropic editor of the Anti-Corn-law Circular observes: "We have had a conversation with a gentleman who has just returned from a tour in Devonshire, and we find his account of the deplorable condition of the peasantry of that rich and beautiful county more than confirms the appalling statements we gave some time ago. Our informant has travelled over Ireland and Scotland, and he says that even there he never saw equal wretchedness. On entering one of their cottages, or, rather, hovels, which it was impossible to do without stooping, he found nothing but the cold, damp, or, rather, wet earth as a floor, for it was literally full of ruts, and in some places so soft that he was obliged to pick his steps. The first object that presented itself to his eye was the master of the house, crouching over a fire, on which a quantity of half-faded gorse had just been heaped, and from which issued volumes of heavy green smoke. By the man's side lay a bill-hook, with which he appeared to have been just cutting his miserable fire-*weed*.

His features wore a strange, half-vacant, sullen, expression, which kindled into a gloomy scowl at the appearance of the stranger.

"This expression on the countenance of the husband soon subsided into that of its wonted stolidity; and, meanwhile, his wife, bustling about to hide her embarrassment and shame at the miserable poverty of their habitation, appeared a little more social and communicative.

"'It is very humble of you to come into a house like ours,' said she, quite astounded by the appearance of a decent-looking person in her wretched dwelling. After a few preliminaries, the visiter expressed a wish to see a specimen of the bread they used, when he was shown a piece about the size of his hand, all they had in the house, of that black barley bread which we have formerly described.

"The furniture, bed, and everything about the house exhibited an appearance of wretchedness, reminding one more of savage life than of civilized Britain. And how could it be otherwise, when the man stated his wages to be only seven shillings a week, with deductions for

broken time; and that very day he happened to be prevented from working by the bad weather?

"On describing what he had seen to persons well acquainted with that part of the country, our informant was told that the scene he had witnessed was by no means an uncommon one: and as to the rate of wages, he had a good opportunity of corroborating it himself. Seeing about a score of able-bodied men working together, he asked what wages they received; when the reply was, that seven shillings was the common rate, though a few superior hands were pointed out who had eight or nine shillings a week."

Some years ago Mr. Richard Gregory, the treasurer of Spitalfields, who for several years distinguished himself by his successful exertions for the prevention of crime, said before the House of Commons, "I can state from experience, that *crime and pauperism always go together.* I have not for twenty-five years known but *one solitary instance* of a poor but industrious man out of employment stealing anything. I detected a working man stealing a

small quantity of bacon; he burst into tears, and said it was his *poverty*, and not his *inclination*, for he was out of work and in a state of starvation."

William Howlet in the "Heads of the People," states that "These (the English peasants) are the men that become sullen and desperate; that become poachers and incendiaries. How and why? It is not plenty and kind words that make them so. What then? What makes the wolves herd together, and descend from the Alps and Pyrenees? What makes them desperate and voracious, blind with fury and revelling with vengeance? Hunger and hardship. When the English peasant is gay, at ease, well fed and clothed, what cares he how many pheasants are in a wood, or ricks in a farmer's yard? When he has a dozen backs to clothe, and a dozen mouths to feed, and nothing to put on the one, and little to put in the other, then that which seemed a mere playful puppy suddenly starts up a snarling, red-eyed monster. How sullen he grows! with what equal indifference he shoots down pheasants or game-keepers. How the

man who so recently held up his head and laughed aloud, now sneaks a villanous fiend, with the dark lantern and the match to his neighbour's rick! Monster, can this be the English peasant? 'Tis the same the very man! But what has made him so? What has thus demonized, thus infuriated, thus converted him into a walking pestilence? Villain as he is, is he alone to blame, or is there another?"

England proposes to evangelize the world! Does she suppose that, while her own people are in a state of political degradation, a state of physical and moral starvation, she can even evangelize *them?* Will a man whose whole life is beset with toils innumerable to get bread for himself and hungry family, hear *from his oppressors,* a word about the sublime and pure doctrines of a Bible which makes it a high crime to rob the poor of bread? No! he cannot listen to them for very sorrow. First prove yourself his friend and benefactor by feeding his hunger and clothing his nakedness, and then he will hear you. Elevate him to the dignity of a man, and the work of evangelization will be easy.

Good old Baxter, the poor man's friend says, "Do good to men's bodies, if you would do good to their souls; say not things corporeal are worthless trifles, for which the receiver will never be the better: they are things which nature is easily sensible of; and sense is the passage to the mind and will. Dost thou not find what a help it is to thyself to have at any time ease and alacrity of body, and what a burden and hinderance pain and cares are? Labour, then, to free others from such burdens and temptations, and be not regardless of them."

In passing through one of the manufacturing towns, I was arrested by this revolting announcement:

"Two guineas reward. An unnatural mother last night, about seven o'clock, left her female infant on the steps of the cellar under No. 2 Back Cotton-street, Allum-street, Ancoats-lane, apparently not more than half an hour old. The child was, with the exception of a cap pinned over her mouth, and being laid on a white factory bat, quite naked and unwashed from its birth."

*Unnatural mother!* I should have exclaimed, had I not known she was driven to this course

by distress. Is it possible to suppose that the feelings of a mother towards her dear infant, in a civilized country, could be so smothered by anything short of absolute and immediate necessity? Is it to be imagined, had trade been free, and corn untaxed, and bread thereby cheap, that fond affection, whose depth only a mother's heart can tell, and which even the wild beasts of the forest never lose for their young, would have ceased to draw her with cords of love to her child, or that she would have left it on the steps of a cellar to perish?

It was but half an hour old! What could have driven her so soon to forsake it? Dear bread! It was quite naked, and unwashed from its birth! What terrible necessity could have stifled the cries of mighty Nature, and tramped out in a mother's breast the glowing fire of maternal devotion? The jewelling of the peer's coronet, the diamond necklace of the young countess, the race-horses of the squire, all bought with high rents, artificially enhanced by protective duties, which make dear bread! —This is the answer.

A time will come when the cries of Nature

will speak in a voice of thunder; and when humanity, shall be no longer insulted, and religion, no longer unheard.

Why is it that so many labouring parents in England become, as it were, slave-dealers in their own flesh and blood, and sell the bones and muscles of their offspring to that premature toil which withers and cripples human beings, body and soul together? Is this spontaneous? Is it natural? I think too well of mankind to believe it. The Corn-Laws make the poor hungry; "hunger makes men wolves.'

The Corn-Laws are destructive of female virtue. Symmons remarks that, "In one of these places (which he visited with the superintendent of police) a young girl, fresh in crime, attracted the practical eye of the superintendent.

"'Who are you, lassie?' he inquired, and the girl turned away her head and tried to hide her face; while her female companions looked on with the brazen-facedness which a month's practice in profligacy amply teaches. Her story was soon elicited: she was fresh from the Highlands; Glasgow was a mine of wealth;

she came to seek service and high wages; she obtained a miserable place, was turned away for some trivial fault, was thrown on the town, was starving, and was there. And here she must remain, like tens of thousands before her, and tens of thousands to come, till her brief career of vice, drunkenness, disease, and starvation, exhaust their rapid rotation, and end in death.

"'A dozen sometimes in a day of these poor things,' said Captain Miller, 'come to me to beg for honest employment; but what can I do? the factories are all overstocked; the benevolent institutions would not contain a hundredth part of them; besides, they have no characters; and if they had, there is no employment."

"I thought of the Corn-Laws, and the sympathy for West Indian slaves, and Polish patriots, and heathen errors, and the refined feeling which teaches English religion to shun the pollution of a regard for poor fallen woman.

"We may Samaritanize all respectable sinners, and Christianize infidels, and shed the softest tears of pious compassion over patrician

frailties; and all this in perfect accordance with orthodox Christianity; but the mere mention of the duty of extending a hand to uplift, from a worse than Juggernaut destruction, the millions of our fellow-countrywomen who are immolated,—souls and body, in the centre of civilization—most of them helplessly immolated—is a solecism in the morality of the respectable world, which very few Christians have the courage to commit. The number of women who perish by such a mode of life in this country, exceeds that of any other country in the whole world, by at least three to one in proportion to the population. It is a flagrant stigma on the Legislature, that it has neither the courage nor the Christianity to take up this matter, and devise a national resource for these persons." Hear the words of another Briton; and let Americans read the contrast between his country and their own, and then fall on their knees and thank God for the ten thousandth time, that they are Americans: "In America you may travel a thousand miles, taking the towns in your way, and not meet a degraded woman. In America it is as difficult for householders

to get women-servants as in England for women-servants to get places. In America prostitution is a choice seldom made; to thousands of English women every year, it is a dire necessity! In order to reclaim Englishwomen, you must first find employment for them. Charity, virtue, happiness! these are English words still; but the meaning of them seems to have settled in America. I wonder that emigration is not more the fashion; and wish that Mrs. Trollope would write a book on the domestic manners of the English. Some out-of-the-way people founded a refuge for these unfortunates; a charity whose object was to reclaim such persons. One day a girl applied for admission to this retreat, saying, 'I am out of work, cold, hungry, tired, houseless, and anxious to be saved from evil courses.' She was dismissed, not being qualified. So the story goes." This reminds us of the old adage, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." England never practices this: she thinks it better not to lock the stable until the horse is stolen.

Who wonders that crime and violence pre-

vail in a nation where the laws of man create famine? Let us see what connexion exists between Chartism, rick-burning, pikes, jails, transportation, and—HUNGER.

Dear bread caused the first French Revolution; and its result was the destruction of the feudal principle on the Continent. Injustice contains within itself the seeds of its own downfal. In 1828 when Mr. Hume moved in Parliament for a modification of the Corn Laws, Sir Robert Peel said they were upheld because "it was the constitutional policy of England to maintain the aristocracy and magistracy, as essential parts of the community." What inhumanity, to base the support of an aristocracy upon such a code as this!

England is beginning to feel the effect of her oppression in the discontent of the masses, which has taken the dangerous form of Chartism. To regard the Chartist outbreaks as the results of mere political uneasiness and party spirit, is a grievous mistake; they have sprung from the real distress of the lower orders. High prices and low wages, combined with fluctuating employment and excessive labour, sufficiently account for these lamentable scenes.

That the Chartists have gone wrongly to work, in procuring redress, is plain enough; but men, agitated wildly in large masses, can never be expected to act wisely: the blame, however, rests less upon them than upon mischievous legislation. To condemn their errors is easier than to comprehend the intensity of their privations.

Can it be possible for men to see their wives and children perishing before their eyes, and not move Heaven and earth to save them? "Bread, bread," is the cry; "give us food, the plainest, coarsest, homeliest. Oh! give us something to eat; we are dying: the child I love is wasted to a shadow; the infant at my breast can draw no milk from me, for I have had no nourishment; the husband of my bosom is in surly despair; for, instead of standing erect as a freeman, he has to beg, crouching like a slave! Oh! give us bread."

Famine at once converts a man into a mere animal: gross ignorance is inevitable; people cannot read or learn while they are starving; where there is ignorance there will always be crime; and even those well instructed, want

drives to crime. It produces selfishness, bad temper, heartlessness, scepticism, despair. According to Sidney Smith, "the starving man thinks of a good God with a sullen sneer." He looks upon his wife as the rival of his morsel, and he sells the lives of his children to the slavery of the factory; for even this is better than starvation. There is no food, and no fire to warm his blood; and how can his heart feel the glow of sympathy? The power of conscience becomes gradually weakened; he hates every one who has money as his natural enemy, and he considers reprisal fair. He drinks, he steals, he robs, he murders.

But, the Corn Laws are not only ruinous to the labouring population and dangerous to the stability of the Government, they sap the manufacturing and commercial prosperity of the country. There was a time when every rood of English ground maintained its man; England was then an agricultural nation. But her population has doubled in fifty years, and only one third of them are engaged in agriculture. The time has come, when it is utterly impossible for her to sustain her people by agricultural

pursuits. She has been forced into manufactures, as the only means by which her vast population, limited by the ocean on all sides, can be supported.

For a long time Englishmen have been the artisans of the civilized world. So long as England imported corn from other nations, her manufactures were taken in exchange. At length, by her prohibitory laws, her one-sided policy, she has shut out the grain of foreign countries from her ports, and they have retaliated by shutting out her manufactures. In consequence of this, she is fast losing her markets. She displays a foolhardiness and impudence really worthy to be called insane, in supposing she can insult other nations by driving away their commerce from her shores, and still expect them to open their ports to her own. If she will not buy their corn, they will not buy her manufactures. They would bankrupt themselves, in one year, by sending away their gold and silver for fabrics which they can afford to purchase only with their grain. The more corn she bought of them, the more of her products would they receive in exchange.

Had England been willing to treat the world with justice, she might have found a market, for a century to come, for all the manufactures which her entire labour and ingenuity could produce; for other nations, possessing a larger territory and richer soil, would gladly have exchanged their surplus grain for the productions of her mechanical skill. But her monopolizing policy has recoiled upon herself; and now she cannot find a market for half she is able to produce, and her *manufactures are fast decaying.* The facts of the case are most astonishing, and in our country but little known.

By her refusing to receive the corn of Europe and America, these countries are no longer able to purchase her goods; and from being her *customers*, they have become her *rivals.* English exports have fallen off rapidly. In 1833 she sent to various parts of the world 8,000,000 yards of velveteens; in 1836 only *half that quantity.* In 1833 she exported of cotton goods to Germany 29,500,000 yards; in 1838 only *one quarter as much.* The quantity sent to Russia in 1820 was 13,200,000 yards; in 1837 only

847,000. In 1829, 5,000,000 yards were purchased by Russia; and in 1837 *not one yard.* At the peace in 1815, England supplied the whole commercial world with hosiery; but in 1838, while she sent only 447,000 dozens to the West Indies, *Saxony sent a million and a half!* By her restrictive enactments, in relation to her West India interests, she suggested to France the ingenious experiment of extracting sugar from beet-root; and this example has been followed by Belgium and other nations. A gentleman recently from Europe, told me that he saw a large sugar manufactory erected on the verge of the Forest of Soigny, overlooking the field of Waterloo.

Throughout the Continent manufactures of almost every kind are springing up; and there is not a country there that does not bristle with steam-engines and factory chimneys. Many of these nations are now England's powerful rivals. Within the last two years they have exported their goods to Britain, paid heavy duties, and undersold the English manufacturer on his own ground. Every American knows that we can now manufacture every-

thing we want. Our immense domains are able to feed the hungry millions of England. We were willing to give them bread in exchange for their goods; but England would not let us; she has compelled us to manufacture for ourselves. And to protect our manufacturers, and defend ourselves against her *exclusive* legislation, we have imposed heavy duties upon her goods; and as she seems determined to persevere in a line of policy, so suicidal to herself, and so unjust to others, when our heaviest duties upon her commodities were about to cease, Congress has deemed it expedient to renew them.

But if the duties we impose inflict keener sorrows upon the English operative, we are not to blame: England has driven us to it. We should be insane not to guard ourselves against her destructive enactments. It was a long time before our importers saw the folly of sending away millions of specie every year for English goods, while she refused to receive our grain in payment. But they do see it and *feel* it now; and it will be long before we are again cursed with the enormous importations of

1835 and 36. If we must clothe ourselves in foreign vestments, let us at least have the privilege of paying for them with the product of our untaxed soil.

The unprecedented growth of American manufactures is to be almost entirely attributed to the English Corn Laws. We were not designed by Providence so much to be a manufacturing as an agricultural nation; for God has given to us a continent which can spread a plentiful and luxurious table for the whole human race; but, thanks to the same Beneficent Power, we have all the resources of life within ourselves, and need be dependant upon foreign nations for nothing. If England is resolved to exclude our corn, we have but to keep our gold at home, and employ it in the encouragement of our own industry.

There is no doubt, I suppose, that Americans are willing to declare a free trade with England, as soon as she will agree to it herself. While Mr. Addington represented the court of St. James at Washington, he expressed the opinion, in a letter to Mr. Canning, that, had no restriction existed in England on foreign

corn, the tariff bill never would have passed Congress. I have heard the same opinion from some of our own most eminent statesmen.

It is horrible to reflect upon the miseries England thus brings upon her starving people; and for it, she merits the contempt of the whole world. There is no nation, savage or civilized, that so wantonly tampers with the prosperity and happiness of its people.

We all know how recent has been the rise, and how rapid the progress of our manufactures. Massachusetts alone annually produces manufactured goods to the amount of nearly twenty-five millions sterling. These goods we export to every part of the world, and are able to compete with the English themselves in markets they have long monopolized. We have not only sent engines to the Continent, but to England herself for her own railways; and while I am writing these pages, a splendid war steamer, built in New-York for the Russian emperor, is weighing her anchor for St. Petersburgh. I know not whether we should thank or despise England most for a policy

which elevates our manufactures at the expense of her own wretched people.

Whenever England has a bad season, famine stares her in the face; and then *she is obliged to drain the country of its gold to purchase foreign grain.* I have seen it stated, that in 1839 the enormous sum of *eight millions sterling* was taken from the Bank of England for foreign corn. This brought the Bank to the verge of ruin, and created immense commercial distress. The rate of interest suddenly rose, and the distress brought upon the manufacturers and operatives was terrible.

Thus the corn laws, by denying the manufacturers the means of commercial exchange with foreign nations, subject the home trade to ruinous fluctuations, and destroy the demand for English products, at the very time the utmost freedom of export is required to supply the wants of the people. Twenty millions sterling more were paid for *bread alone* in 1839 than in 1835. The stagnation of trade and the utter disorganization of every branch of industry depreciate English wares in foreign markets *below* the cost of production, and ruin the manufacturers. To make confusion worse

confounded, at such a crisis England is compelled to send her gold away for corn; the scarcity of money and the rise of interest cause extensive failures; the operatives are turned off to starve; and while the warehouses of Manchester are groaning beneath unsaleable products, and millions are suffering from hunger, cargoes of foreign wheat lie rotting in the storehouses of the government, because the merchant is unable to pay the heavy duties; in this damaged state, it has frequently been thrown into the Thames. Oh! the folly, the madness of English statesmen. The commercial panic of 1839 was but one of a series of similar shocks that have recurred periodically, with constantly increasing violence, for the last five-and-twenty years. *There is not a single instance in record of commercial panic in connexion with a low price of food.* These destructive vitiations of the balance of trade are produced, and produced only, by the impious and absurd policy that restricts the population, to a limited soil, and a single climate, for its food, denying them the full benefit of those advantages which a bountiful Providence has placed at their command, and building up feel-

ings of hostility, hatred, and rivalship between nations who had else,

"Like kindred drops, been mingled into one."

You will have anticipated me in relation to the last part of this question on which I design to speak—the SIN, THE ABOMINABLE INIQUITY OF THE CORN-LAWS. No higher crime can be committed against one of God's creatures than to rob him of bread. It is so regarded by Heaven. God intended the world to be one great brotherhood. He has scattered wide the bountiful gifts of his Providence, and placed no restriction or prohibition on their free circulation and exchange. By giving to each particular nation something which others want, he evidently designed that, like the members of one and the same community, they should be mutually dependant.

He has established inequality and variety in the seasons in different portions of the earth, so that when scarcity prevails in one region, it may be counterbalanced by unusual fertility in another; and that thus, by receiving or

giving as they may want or abound, they may be drawn to know and love each other.

Yes, God purposed that the whole earth should be but one dwelling, and the whole human race as one family; the world is bright and beautiful; the sun shines high in the azure depths, and lights up a kind, glad, bountiful earth. But there is one creature who joins not in the universal thanksgiving; and why? He is God's child; but in his Father's green world, with luxury all around him, he is—*starving*. Who can doubt, that to bring about so terrible a result as this, by attaching an artificial value to corn, is an abomination in the sight of God? Or who supposes that England can hope for the favour of Heaven until this reproach is wiped away? The Bible declares, "He that taxeth the bread of the poor, fighteth against God." "He who withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him."

Are there any to whom the terrible words of the Apostle James more forcibly apply than to the upholders of the corn-laws? "Go to, now, ye rich men; weep and howl for the miseries

that will come upon you; behold the hire of the labourer who hath reaped your fields, which is by you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them that have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." And the great Hebrew Lawgiver says, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." "What mean ye, that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor? saith the Lord God of Hosts." There is, indeed, no crime which seems to have so awakened the indignation of Heaven, as oppression of the poor.

But why not repeal the iniquitous Corn-Laws? Have not English landlords degraded their countrymen already low enough? or must they be trodden still deeper into the earth? A few weeks ago the following appeared in the London Times: "Sir: I was summoned to Bristol a few days ago, and on the Stapleton road I met a long covered truck, drawn by three men and four boys, *harnessed together* in rope tackle, exactly as you may have seen bullocks at a plough, or dogs in a cart. On inquiry what this could be, I was told that they belonged to the Great Union House, and had been to the

city for provisions. I expressed my horror at seeing human beings submit to such degradation, when the man assured me, with the utmost unconcern, that this was nothing of a load; that they went for oakum and various other things, among which he named rod iron to make nails, on which occasions, he said, you might see ten, twelve, or even fifteen in harness!" So, on almost every public road in England, the traveller sees women scraping up manure with their hands to sell for *bread.*

The following lines were addressed to the aristocracy by an operative:

"You pity not the squalid wretch; you loathe her and condemn:
Sad victim she. Your daughters—wives: O, name it not to them!
Once she was pure as they; but, left forlorn life's path to tread,
By grinding poverty constrain'd, *she sold herself for Bread.*

Through yonder prison grate an urchin's stolid face is spied;
His father, worn with fruitless toil, of want and sorrow died:
His mother, Heaven help her! roams without a sheltering shed;
And he, uncared for and untaught, *is driven to steal for Bread.*

That crowd of pallid artizans, who murmur loud and deep,
In vain they beg for leave to toil: their wives and children weep.
Beware those sickly, shrivell'd groups, whose heart and hope have fled,
*Despair can nerve the weakest arm to desperate deeds for Bread.*"

How deep, then, must be that degradation which shall satisfy the English monopolist? when he is unmoved by the barbarous, accursed influence of laws which drive young maidens to "sell themselves for bread." Shame upon British landlords and legislators!

I know you often boast of your generosity to the poor; but, good Heaven! speak not of that. Are not your wines purchased with widows' tears? is not your venison sauced with orphan's hunger. Hear the indignant language in which a foreign journalist apostrophizes Lord Brougham.

"Member of the British Parliament! look around you: what do you see? an aristocracy for the most part vicious and disorderly, trampling without pity upon the other classes; at the utmost a dozen of colossal fortunes, and

the mass of the population pining under the weight of hunger and misery. Coarse and insolent Britain! raze from your country's shield the noble lion, and place in its stead *a squalid and starving wretch, vainly imploring a morsel of bread!*"

But, the reader will ask, "Is there no hope for the people? Must they groan on, unpitied and unrelieved?" No, I answer, the day of their redemption draws nigh. There is not on earth a nobler company of men than the corn-law Repealers. I honour them as much as I despise the framers and supporters of that outrageous law. They have displayed throughout the contest, a manly, a humane, and Christian spirit; they are willing to suffer and sacrifice all things for their oppressed countrymen.

Manchester is the head-quarters of Repeal; and every year the friends of Repeal assemble there by thousands, at a grand banquet. A short time ago more than 600 Christian ministers of all denominations met there, to lift up their united voices against the abominable corn-laws. They have thrown aside the absurd notion that pastors should have nothing to do

with politics; for they have found that while they were preaching, their hearers were starving; that these odious laws oppose an insurmountable barrier to the progress of truth. They felt, therefore, that they could not withhold their influence from the Repeal and be guiltless; and they flocked from every quarter of the three kingdoms, to unite with men of all parties and pursuits, in one bold and resolute demand for justice to the people.

The Rev. Daniel Hearne, a Catholic priest (for, in some leading measures of reform, the Catholic Church of Great Britain and Ireland is doing nobly), observed: "I will leave to others the task of explaining why wages are low and corn high in this country, while in America wages are high and corn low.—But I have come forward, to bear my humble testimony to that awful and continued distress which was raging in Manchester; and which threatened, unless means were taken to alleviate it, to bring about a disruption of the social order. A famine had been raging in the district where I have lived since 1838, which proved the evil could not be a mere passing

one; and I attributed it to nothing else but the low rate of wages, which scarcely afforded to the poor labourer the means of feeding himself and offspring.

"The meeting could scarcely form a conception of the misery and destitution prevailing in the district, of which I am come to bear witness on this occasion. I went lately to administer the consolations of religion to a poor dying woman. On arriving at her bedside, she seemed to be alone; I asked if she was. 'Johnny!' said she, and immediately a sack in the corner of the room began to move; and then another began to move; and out of these tumbled the poor woman's sons, their bed being the inside of sacks filled with shavings.

"About 25,000 of my flock are living within half a mile of my chapel. Scarcely a single Catholic, unless in cases of sudden death, breathed his last without sending for the priest: and of these — I speak from personal observation—*at least the half died from starvation!*"

"Talk of war ravaging a country!" said he.

"Better by far is he who dies by the sword than he who is stricken by famine. I can bear but too strong testimony to the opinion expressed by Mr. M'Kerrow, that men in want of temporal comforts are but ill fitted to receive the consolations of religion; for I have found how difficult it is, when the poor man is dying, with his starving children around him, to stop the word of blasphemy issuing from his lips with his parting breath!

"Shall I," said he indignantly, "shall I see my brethren, my spiritual children in Christ, starving, and be told that because I am a minister of God I must be silent? No! shame on the thought."

Can an object more pure or more holy be presented to the consideration of a teacher of Christianity than to feed the hungry and clothe the naked? Let ministers in England look at the myriads of their flocks who are now dying from want, or fed by the cold hand of scanty charity. See where pinching hunger has broken down the first barrier of shame, and, moved by the cries of clamouring infancy, the poor man at last plods his weary

way to the terrible workhouse! See where poverty converts the citizen into the thief, the incendiary and the murderer!

Behold the peasant of England, once his country's pride, with wages not half adequate to meet the enormous price of even innutritious food. See where he disturbs the quiet repose of the sleeping village with midnight burglary; begins the trade of sheep or horse stealer; or joins some desperate gang of footpads: fathers and husbands rushing from their wretched homes, to be out of hearing of the moans of famine, and swearing, by the God of the poor, that they will rather rob on the highway than suffer their children to die of starvation.

But all Britain is now stirred with Corn Law excitement. There are two hundred newspapers in England alone, in which not a single week passes without articles in favour of Repeal; in the *Sun*, papers appear every day; and in the *Chronicle*, at least three times a week. I am quite certain, that for *one* article written in the daily, monthly, weekly, or quarterly press on any other subject, there are at least *ten* on

the Corn-laws. From one end of the kingdom to the other—from Cornwall to Inverness—there is one deep excitement, felt with equal intensity in the largest towns and the most retired villages.

If Lord John Russell's declaration be well founded, that the real grievances of the people are altogether beyond the reach of Parliamentary enactment, let the Peers look to it. Sir Robert Peel will find the office of Premier more onerous than ever it has been within the memory of man. So sure as the sun is in the heavens, the elements of social discord are now widely spread in Britain: as certain as the return of the seasons, is, and will be the recurrence of threats, commotion, and violence.

But the time is at hand when the money so long wrung from the poor shall provide for the wretched a home, where cheerful faces shall beam with honest joy around loaded tables; where the voice of health and salvation shall be heard; and where the rich man shall trouble them no more.

I feel, sir, that I have done but little justice to this great subject. Accept, sir, assurances of distinguished regard from

Your faithful servant,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Utica, October 7, 1841.

# CONCLUSION.

When I once more saw the green hills of my native country, from the bow of the ill-fated President as she approached for the first time the shores of the New World, a thrill of joy went to my heart which made me forget all the loneliness of my wanderings in other lands. It was a calm, glorious morning. A deep blue sky was bending over us, and all around, old ocean slept without a ripple or murmur. With a gratitude which can be felt only by him who has been borne safely over the "wild and wasteful ocean," where so many barks have gone down for ever, I recalled the touching words of David: "So he bringeth them to their desired haven—Oh! that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men." There is

never a period, perhaps, that the heart of man responds more warmly to the touching chorus of that beautiful Psalm, than when he has left the wide ocean, with its tempests and dangers far behind him, and sees again the glad shores of his native country.

I had so long witnessed the sufferings of the English people, that I longed to step once more upon the free soil of my childhood, and thank the God of my fathers with heartfelt gratitude that I had a free home to go to.

I hoped I should have had room for some things which do not appear in this work. I wished to speak of the Established Church;* of the political state of Ireland; of the last days of L. E. L. as I received the account from one of her most intimate female friends; of some conversations with other distinguished authors, and a few original poems from their pens descriptive of the lake scenery in

* I will here take occasion to remark, that in nothing which has gone before would I be understood as speaking against Episcopacy, either in its peculiar doctrines or forms, however much I may differ from them; but only against the abuses of the *Religious Establishment*, as sustained by law, and forming a part of the state.

the north of England; of night rambles in London with a celebrated author; and something of more consequence than all, original communications from some of the most distinguished statesmen in Europe. But this must all be deferred, at least for the present. A few observations shall bring these volumes to a close.

Around English history there is to us a charm found in no other. The recent and the remote; the plain and the obscure; novelty springing up by the gray remains of antiquity; and all the elements of the touching, the beautiful, the gloomy, and the grand, mingle with the chronicles of the Father-land. With us all is familiar and modern. It is true, we read with pride and emotion of our father's struggles, when the story leads us through the toils of the Revolution back to the gloom of the green old forests, and the desolation of Plymouth landing; but there the story ceases in America, and we must cross the water for an account of our antecedent national existence. We personally, then, have an interest in the history of Britain, and can betimes forget America as it slumbered on, unwaked by the sea-gun

of Columbus, while we retrace the glory of our ancestors through successive ages, to the time when the Roman conqueror first planted the eagle of Italy on the rocks of Britain, and returned to tell of a stormy island in the ocean, and of the rugged barbarians who dwelt in its glens and hunted on its cliffs.

It is natural that the American should read with the deepest interest of the defeats, the struggles, and the triumphs of Britons in those remote times; and look with the indignation of a freeman and the love of a brother upon the sufferings of his kinsmen who dwell there now. The starving peasant and the pale operative are the sons of those, who not long ago dwelt with his own father on the banks of the Tweed or the Severn: why should he not feel for them as for a brother?

England owes much of her progress to the spirit of liberty, caught at first from her own wild hills; a spirit which was kept alive and invigorated by the fierce struggles through which she had to pass. More favourable circumstances than those in her history could not have combined for the formation of a free,

brave, and generous people. In the freedom of her political institutions, she was for ages in advance of the rest of the world; for the democratic principle had crept into her Constitution long before mankind had elsewhere begun to question the *divine right of kings*. Many a time were English tyrants made to bow before their indignant subjects. Thus was the pride of the Norman princes humbled, when upon King John the assembled barons imposed the Magna Charta. Thus, too, did the nation avenge the insolence and tyranny of the Tudors on their weakened and helpless successors, when a haughty line of monarchs went down in misfortune and blood, and succumbed to the power of Cromwell.

Much has been said against Cromwell, but none deny that it was under his splendid administration English liberty assumed its broadest character. Scenes of riot and anarchy existed, it is true; but they were accompanied with blessings, for the absence of which nothing could atone. They waked in the bosom of the people those fires of liberty which have been the hope of England to this hour; fires,

too, from which our own altars were kindled. For it was during that great struggle, with the sound of contention still in their ears, and the shout of liberty, mingled with prayers to God, still on their lips, that the Puritans bore away with them all England had ever known of political or religious freedom. England was unconscious at the time that the greatest of her offspring were taking with them the fruits of that Revolution to a forest home, where they would rear an empire that could not be conquered.

History tell us, that after a great effort the human mind settles into repose, and rests satisfied with past achievements. After the restoration of Charles II., who never should have been permitted to wear a crown, the flames of liberty seemed to go out, and the reign of tyranny again commenced. From that time the mass of the people have sunk down in uncomplaining silence. "Now and then, indeed, they have bustled about and shook their chains;" but to little purpose.

The nation has increased in power, wealth, arts, and learning; but the progress has been

confined to the higher orders. The mass have been below the current of advancement—busy in toiling for bread. What has England's prosperity been to the poor? Machinery has only lessened the value of their honest labour; commerce has only increased the luxuries of the rich; books, though as abundant as the productions of the earth, have done nothing for the toil-worn craftsman, whom drugdery has left no time to read. The world has moved on, but has brought to him none of the blessings civilization should profusely scatter in her progress; and while every other land is filled with the elegant productions of English art, the poor enjoy none of the abundance they so liberally dispense. Commerce, which in our times seems to unite with Christianity in achieving the world's redemption, is to them a bitter curse.

Is this the nation once the freest on earth? It is now more polished, opulent, and splendid than ever; but it has also within its bounds, deeper suffering and more crying wrong than it ever had in the days of its ancient obscurity;

and this suffering and wrong seem the more intense and unnatural in contrast with the spirit of the age.

England's people, who have been so long bowed down in silent sorrow, are now starting from their dream-like stupor. They are looking anxiously abroad to find the occasion of their miseries. They drop the hammer upon the anvil; they pass from the clank of the factory, and ask for bread; it is not given: they *will* know why it is the English labourer must starve in a world of plenty. Once deeply stirred to a sense of injury and wrong, these men will not be silenced:—

> "Not poppy, nor mandragora,
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
> Shall ever medicine them to silence."

English legislators begin to feel this; and ever and anon committees are appointed, whose reports are so charged with human woe that they almost turn the reader's brain to madness; and bills are then passed ostensibly for relief; but the evil is not reached: it is all shallow legislation.

Carlyle observes, "You abolish the symptom to no purpose, if the disease is left untouched. Boils on the surface are curable or incurable: small matter while the virulent humour festers deep within, poisoning the sources of life; and certain enough to find for itself new boils and sore issues; ways of announcing that it continues there, that it would fain not continue there."

Thus England's wise men cheat themselves, and the people *for a while,* by passing laws to quiet their fierce discontent. It is a silly expedient to play this game. "It is the resource of the ostrich, who, hard hunted, sticks his foolish head in the sand, and thinks his foolish unseeing body is unseen too."

No man who feels in his own soul the lofty spirit of the age, and tracks the progress of the car of Liberty, as it rolls among the nations, can believe that England will be able much longer to breast herself up against the advancement of humanity: the majestic movements of God's Providence can be clearly seen; a train

of causes is in operation too mighty to be resisted. No; England can do all that mortal power can do; she never vacillates, is never faint-hearted; but she cannot successfully oppose the spirit of the age. She has rife within herself the direst elements of disorder and decay. These are her internal foes.

But, more than this, a deep-seated indignation against her is manifesting itself throughout the world. Ambition and injustice have made up the history of her policy for centuries past; and her navy has been the grand executor of her will. By it she has acquired her foreign power; and through it, for nearly three centuries, she has possessed facilities for visiting every country to which wind and wave bear her; and of these facilities she has most actively availed herself. She has become familiar with every point of great commercial advantage, and has appropriated to herself all the solitary and unclaimed islands, and many of the claimed ones, too, which she has found straggling at a convenient distance from the mainland. By discovery, conquest, and usurpation, she has

reared an empire upon which the sun never goes down; and this she has accomplished by being able to traverse the ocean without fear or molestation.

Distance had in former ages fixed a limit to conquest; and Alexander himself would have been a harmless assailant against an island standing off a few leagues at sea. But a few months have sufficed to transport the armies of Britain to the most distant countries; and that, too, frequently in an unexpected hour for her enemies. The naval supremacy of England once established, her political supremacy followed as a matter of course. By various devices she has extended her acquisitions alike in peace and in war; and whatever she has acquired she has steadily retained. Thus, by discovery, or conquest, her claims have continued to grow; we see her asserting some new pretensions almost every day. She seems to be now hesitating whether to appropriate the Celestial Empire to herself; the whole coast of Africa is under her special protection; she *owns* no inconsiderable part of the State of Maine; and, forsooth, has complacently planted herself upon the other extre-

mity of our empire, beyond the Rocky Mountains.

We might suppose, indeed, to observe the policy of England, that the ultimate reversionary interest and fee-simple of the whole earth was in the British Crown, and all the babbling nations mere tenants at sufferance, and liable to be turned out on short notice. But, alas! it is much to be feared that some of them will prove a troublesome tenantry. Even the "Down-easters" have already had the audacity wholly to disregard her notice to quit; maintaining their ground, probably, not because they suppose they have a right to it, but by reason of some technical informality in the manner of serving the writ.

But her navy can no longer secure to Britain the same supremacy as in former times. The rivalship of nations is not now, as once, essentially of a warlike character—they are struggling for the mastery in commerce. The motive of national glory has in a measure given way to that of interest; and the acquisition of wealth is the principal advantage a nation now promises to itself in diplomacy. A great struggle

has commenced in those arts which humanize mankind. This, it is true, is not yet the full result; it is only the tendency of affairs. Preparations for war are still made; national antipathies are still indulged in; but these are hourly growing feebler and less rancorous. Such enterprises are generally looked upon with coldness and disapprobation; and the madness of plunging nations into war, for trivial causes, is constantly becoming more and more palpable.

It is therefore to be hoped that the extensive possessions of Britain will be made only the means of extending civilization, and enhancing her commercial importance; that they will no longer be turned into pretexts for quarrels and wars; that her grasping ambition will stop before she shall have kindled against her universal exasperation.

England is glorious by reason of her age, her ruins, her power; her commerce, which has extended over the world; her Christian missionaries, who are calling the pagans from their idols; and her bards and orators, whose names

stand bright on the records of mankind. But we cannot admire the spirit of that policy, which, in giving the nation power and consideration abroad, leaves it weakened and wretched at home; which, in providing the rest of the world with the elegancies and luxuries of civilized life, leaves the crowded masses of its own poor in ignorance and starvation; which, in its efforts to keep up the nation's outward pomp and display, takes no heed of its sickness and suffering within.

Let her remember that no sadder aspect in the decay of civic society can be presented, than when honest labourers by millions are suffering from want, while an aristocracy around them are rolling in voluptuousness; that, while the great middle class of her citizens are clamorous for their political rights, the lower classes are clamorous for bread. Let her remember that her provinces are held by a frail tenure; that the branches of her power are already grown too large for the parent tree; that the heart of an empire may decay while a distant dependancy continues to flourish. Let

her remember, too, that a power as great if not greater than her own has left no traces of its influence in Italy; and that the "barbarian's steed long ago made his manger in the golden house of Nero!"

THE END.

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